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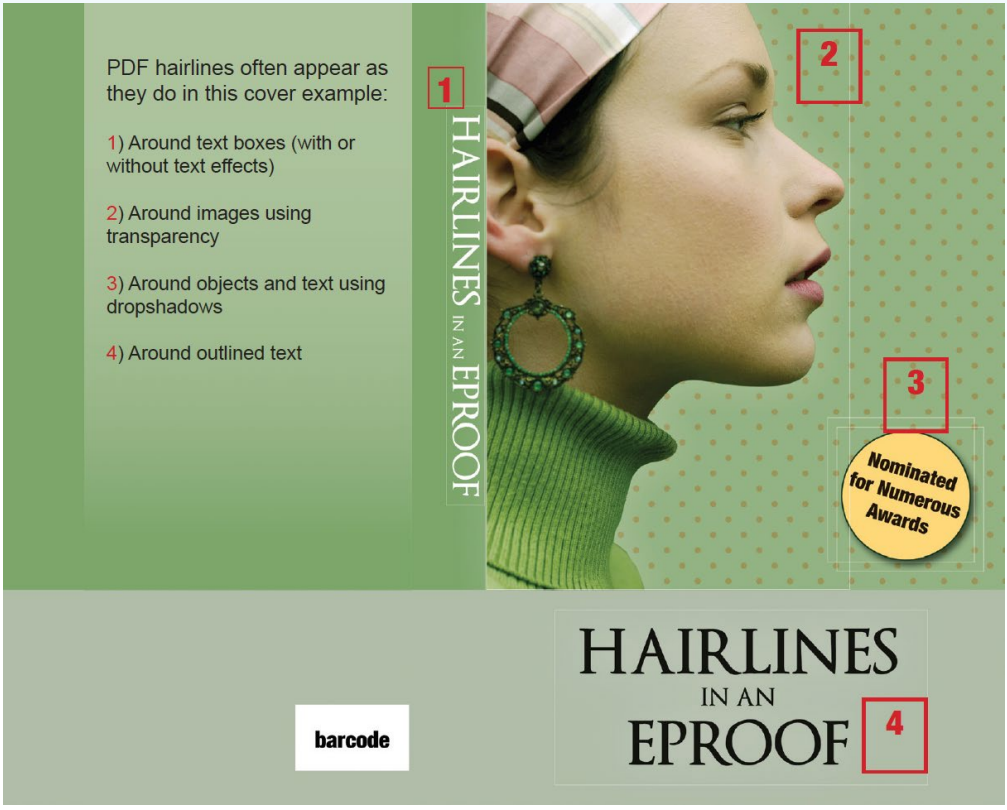
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Dear Kota:
Time to Fess up
By: Dakota Frandsen

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Dear Kota:

Time to Fess up

A True Story

Dakota T. Frandsen

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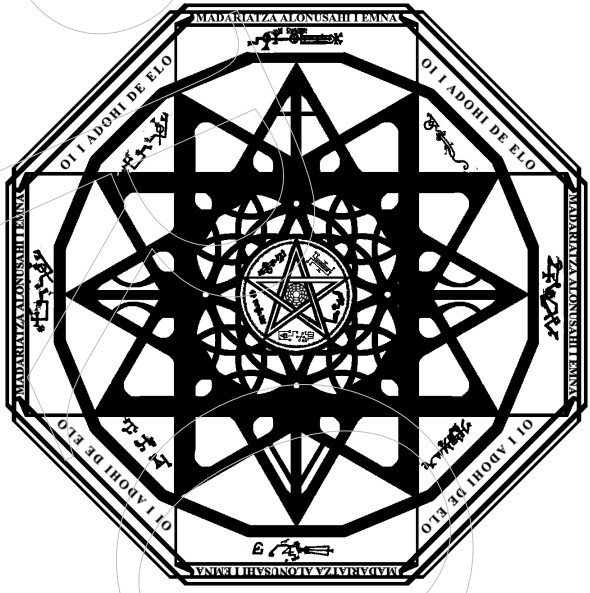

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DEDICATION

To Olivia

My daughter who defied all known logic to save my life. I only hope I can be the father you deserve

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PROOF

PREFACE

With a heavy heart and shaky hand, I am putting together these letters to detail the processes recommended by my counselor to honestly get over the outcomes of my life events. Through many trials, I attempted several projects similar to this in nature. Still, either misfortune or fate, the pieces would crumble each time I managed to see the entire picture seemingly. Perhaps, suppose you are the type who enjoys putting together puzzles. In that case, you are familiar with the frustration as you find yourself almost finishing the project only to discover that a piece is missing.

By applying this frustration to the real world, rather than prepackaged pieces of cardboard, those who try to help find peace in our society or provide answers to the biggest questions we face in our lives see this regularly. But what is to be done when the images we are trying to put together are still being created? What can be accomplished when the masterminds behind the puzzles, literal or metaphorical, only release the tiniest parts with time to tease those they manage to rope in?

They only receive a constant struggle for those who, for whatever reason, cannot walk away. In truth, trying to figure out life itself is this metaphor in the highest possible detail, a never-ending puzzle with missing and not yet made pieces. But my experience has a few unique qualities that I can say, with confidence, separates me from most people. My story is enough that even I would doubt its legitimacy had I not been the one to live through it all. You may have decided to read this book because I had given you some warning that there might be a mention of our times together. Perhaps you are someone I had helped over the years, merely deciding to investigate my origins a bit further to help you better understand my reasoning. Maybe you are just looking for something in your journey and found these pages by happenstance.

Whatever the case may be, I must warn you that some of the materials you find in these pages might be too disturbing, unsettling, horrific, strange, or difficult to comprehend to some readers. Every passage is formatted as a "Letter Through Time." A therapist might recommend a patient use to thoroughly reflect on past experiences to better understand how these events helped form who we are in the present moment and where we are going in the remaining time we have left on this Earth.

I admit that is part of the reason behind the creation of this text, but the idea that something I have to share will help someone in need is perhaps my greatest hope. Those close to me, those who inspired me to become a better man, all who have seen me in action, and maybe even the faces that passed me by will all learn something new about me. It is guaranteed aspects of my past will be revealed in this text that my closest family and friends never knew.

It is almost guaranteed that references to copy-written material will be made for the pure sake of comparison relevant to the story. When you see this, know I am not claiming ownership. I chose to include it since it is relevant to the story to provide familiar references.

Mention of "dark" events may seem libelous or exaggerated in some cases. This is not intentional for defamatory purposes. My approach is to give the best possible recollection of reality and my emotional states. Yes, there might be some motivation to expose the people responsible for individual incidents, but that is not the purpose of this book. Its goal is to hopefully serve as an inspiration to those dealing with similar matters that I have during my time on this Earth to find the courage to overcome their struggles and forge a better life for themselves.

I should warn that not all of my stories will make it into this text due to my convictions. Some of these omitted tales would include cases I worked on over the year involving much of the client's emotions playing a factor. Others involve criminal investigations. Others instances where the nature of the events would simply be too delicate for me to

share. Should others involved decide to tell their side of the story, then that is their prerogative. So going past the seemingly repetitive, almost "TERMS OF SERVICES"-like disclaimers, find yourself a comfortable spot and read on if I haven't scared you away already. Maybe you will find something helpful to you on these pages, even if it is merely for entertainment.

PROOF

THE BATTLES OF '99

Dear Kota, age affected 3

When you read this, it will seem the world is on edge. You won't understand anything about what is happening. Everyone around you will barely give you any attention because of your age. Cops even start to look at you like you're some monster because of the things that happened.

I know it isn't your fault. Your stepmom is the one who put the knife in your hand then started screaming at you. Your dad is the one that tried telling the cops you were trying to hurt her and your sister Allison when your stepmom started it by trying to stab you in the neck with a pen. Your grandma was the one to point out something was wrong finally, but people still wanted to say you were the bad guy. I know this and every thought that runs through your brain because I'm you (and even as I am writing this, there are still things I barely understand).

Do you remember all of the times you heard your mom freaking out? The days when a bunch of cops walked in when you were asleep, and they started taking off your clothes? When your grandma and grandpa had to put funny, stinky stuff in your hair to kill the bugs? Your dad, your stepmom, and nearly everyone else in your dad's family tried to do everything they could to hurt you. They tried to hurt your mom and even grandma and grandpa. If you don't, that's okay because something powerful is doing everything to help you not become a bad guy but like a big strong superhero.

You'll meet a nice lady who will let you draw pictures while you talk to her about the things that happened. Be honest with her about everything, and the first step to making the bad stuff go away will be taken. I know part of you are afraid of becoming just like the bad guys, but trust me when I say cool things are coming your way. Do the right thing, and you'll get to become a superhero.

With Love, You

PROOF

MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

Dear Kota, age affected 7

By now, you and your mom moved in with your grandma and grandpa. Your sister Paisley probably has no memory of it because she was barely a year old. You probably still think it was because of that spider that was big as a soccer ball; how was it still alive even when you bug bombed the house? Honestly, bud, I wish that were the case.

See, your mom had a lot of issues with money. I won't go into all the details, but there were many problems, especially after she divorced Paisley's dad. Because of these problems, your mom will be somewhat emotional, and it might just get to the point you start to believe that she hates you. How often she'd let herself get upset enough, she got physical; it's hard for a kid not to think like that. As you get older, you'll meet other people just like you, and they'll become some of the essential people in your life. Trust me; you'll need them because things are coming to where their advice will be the one thing that helps you more than any clawed superhero can teach.

Like for example, the town you're grandparents will likely live in for the rest of their lives; Murtaugh, Idaho. A good majority of the people you meet there will treat you like crap. They'll be rude because of your size, your health, your differences, and pretty much every stupid reason they can think of for absolutely no good reason. There's going to be fighting amongst you and your classmates. Even though you will always walk from everyone without a scratch,

it will feel awful. I will admit that a couple tries to help you, that will be your friends, but they won't last forever. Nothing significant will happen from it; life just took you guys down different paths. It'll be through these two you'll be able to hold on to the faith that better things come despite everything that happens.

Oh, before I forget, you might want to monitor the brother in this group (the two friends you'll make are step-brother and sister). Some rather strange things will happen around him that'll spark further interest down the road. A Christmas program you'll be forced to repeat for the third time in a row will have some "interesting" things show up in the photos your grandmother will take. Find a way to preserve these photos; they will get lost in time. But that's not important right now. As I said, things are coming for you that'll change your life forever. Stay strong. The people that make fun of you will never reach anything close to what you've got coming to you.

With Love, You

CHERRY TOP

Dear Kota, ages affected 8-9

Someone special has come into your life, though you don't need me to tell you that much. Perhaps she is the first girl who ever caught your attention, much like how she did with almost every other guy in the school. But in the grand scope of things, she's going to be someone that changes your perspective on everything after a nasty fight breaks out, and you're the one that walks away without a scratch. Cherry will see a side of you that scares thousands of people but somehow won't be afraid. She'll instead become a source of reason to avoid more fights unless necessary. It's likely this that makes her almost an obsession of yours. But the truth is those emotions won't last.

Shortly after you get ready to move away again, Cherry will do the same with her family. If memory serves me correct, her father got a better job somewhere near Salt Lake City. You'll lose contact with her, but as much as that will hurt, other girls will come along who might even become something more. However, because Cherry is the first big crush you had, it also means she's someone you'll never forget. Always be kind to her, respect her, be her friend, because the next time you hear about her is when something awful has happened to end her life. I never really found out all the details behind what happened, and when you hear from her afterward, she won't be too keen on discussing it.

Yes, you read that right. You'll get to see Cherry again after she dies. Ghosts are authentic, but

you'll learn that the hard way soon enough. Cherry will be in the crowds that witness the aftermath of your very first encounter. At least the first encounter you recall. The people who run the prison where it happens are aware of weird things, but this is something you're going one-on-one with personally.

And your life will NEVER be the same.

With Love, You

P.S. Fight the urge to use the rumors about ghosts in the Old Idaho State Penitentiary to scare the girls in your class. Even though you'll be proven right in the long run, the fact you like to prank people will not help your case. You'll see what I mean very soon...

PROOF

HANGMAN

Dear Kota, age affected 9

If I timed this correctly, you should've received this letter just a couple of days after the third/fourth-grade field trip to Boise. No doubt you are still trying to process the events I hinted at in my previous message. You probably already tried doing a little research online and feel overwhelmed at the idea that ghosts are real. Part of you wants to deny it even though the idea of discovering something entirely unknown for humankind has, and always will be, a significant dream of ours. I admit that I wouldn't believe it if I had not been there to see it myself. The shadow man you saw hanging at the Old Idaho State Penitentiary was not a figment of your imagination. You did not make him up. You did see him there. You watched him as he lived through his last moments of life yet again.

As scary as it might sound, once you realize who the man was, you can't feel too bad for him. A few years after this took place, Travel Channel's *Ghost Adventures* comes to town. When the episode aired, it helped identify the ghost you saw. The shadow man in the prison was Raymond Snowden. He went to jail and was executed for killing a woman back in the 1950s after they got into a drunken argument. Before he died, he claimed that he killed two other people, but the police could never confirm it.

During this experience, you felt something in your stomach, like a heavy ball was slammed in it. In a way, it was like you were the one hung. I discovered later on that this was intentional on Snowden's behalf. You know as well as I do that you

have dealt with an anger issue for as long as you've been alive and haven't been afraid to use it as a weapon. Snowden saw this in you, saw the potential of you hurting someone, and tried to use his death as a warning.

How he was able to do it is still a little challenging to decipher, but the gist of things is you have actual superpowers, my young friend and Snowden noticed. He used his last moments as a way to warn you of what could happen should you ever lose control and end up hurting someone just like he did. It'll take a lot to overcome, but trust me, bud; things are coming that will make it worth the struggle.

In short, you'll get to explore the world, make movies, meet lots of beautiful girls, perform on stage, make incredible friends, save countless lives, and so much more. There will be times when you'll need to hulk out when the odds are against you, but in time you'll learn ways to trick the bad guys into messing up. And, unfortunately, some of those people will end up being people you cared about. It is almost pointless for me to tell you not to worry about it, but better people are coming.

You might not believe me, as I know that soon you'll take turns for the worst, but give it time.

With Love, You

LOSS

Dear Kota, age affected 11

If my assumptions are correct, then the first funeral you ever experience was just a couple days ago for you, leaving you with a few questions that no one seems to know how to answer. It may have only been your great grandfather who passed away, but the situation is hard to comprehend at first. The sadness everyone is in, the strangeness in the circumstances, the weird things that have happened since then, it is hard to process when you are still figuring it all out.

I'm going to be honest with you, the only major takeaway for you in this dire situation is not to smoke; though that isn't much of a concern given your allergies. But it felt appropriate to write this letter as I do know you are pondering what life after death potentially feels like. Unfortunately very soon you will get to experience that feels like, but for now, some words of insight will have to do.

Taking your great-grandfather's death as involving anything potentially paranormal will be hard to do, other than the spirits that break through the veil to help him move on, as it seems the major causes behind his death involved hospital negligence. As you will soon see for yourself, the hospital in Twin Falls holds the nickname of "Tragic Valley," due to several incidents the staff was able to cover up. At the time I am writing this, it seems there are efforts in place to try and better the system, but too much damage has been done. They'll claim more lives close to you in the years to come, and those battles will leave their marks, but trust me when I saw you'll power through

them all.

But going back to your family, hang tight and be there as needed. The world will continue spinning, even if someone who seemed to better it just by their presence is long gone. However, as you have learned from the past, the dead never stay gone. You'll see you're great-grandfather father soon enough and, uh... let's say he'll be a bit confused.

With Love, You

PROOF

SMALLTOWN THROWDOWNS

Dear Kota, age affected 11

It seems as if your battles cannot be avoided as small-minded punks attempted to back you into a corner and pummel you into the ground. But as always, you never lose a fight. There is not a single physical fight that you come across where you don't come out on top, but don't let that get to your head. When it comes to the ladies, let's say there will be very little you'll be able to take a stand against. But this fight should teach you a few things about Murtaugh, things that you already started to piece together on your own.

First off, no one there is your friend. No one cares. No one even bothers. They all think that they are better than the rest of the world... yadda yadda yadda. Also I'm sorry to sound cynical like our mother, there is an unfortunate truth to it all. The fact you aren't a member of the local church is the basis of this rather ignorant attitude they possess. But it isn't their fault. They were taught to act that way as you were prepared to fight against them and against the wrongs in the world and stand for what is right.

You might be interested to know what will happen to the guys who tried to gang up on you that day. Well, I have updates on a couple. The others drifted away, as all people do, I suppose. Do you remember the red-headed kid that whined all the time? He has a genetic condition which will cause him to develop a brain tumor. He passed away almost three years ago at the time I am writing this letter. The other kids? At least one is currently serving time, another is just

drifting through life, and the rest ended up married with kids.

This incident would be one of many that compile further reason to leave Murtaugh for a time, but you don't necessarily feel the same. I know you don't know much else about the world but trust me bud, better things are coming. I'd try to convince you to stay away but moving away from your mother will provide some valuable lessons that will end up making you a better man in the long run. She'll hate it, it'll cause friction with your grandparents, and the fights will continue once you are there. However you'll need to see what is coming and hold on to it as a permanent reminder of what you are truly capable of turning into if you focus your energy just right.

And when it happens, I'll send you another letter. It will be an event that defies everything you will ever know, and you'll have to travel quite a bit to understand the meaning behind it. If my research is correct, you'll see the inner workings of what makes up the true form and purpose of God.

Take care, and take it easy. Your grandfather may have lessened the blow as far as punishment from the fight, but there is only so much he can do for you.

With Love, You

CHRISTMAS SECRETS

Dear Kota, age affected 11

Perhaps this can be considered yet another major paranormal event that cements you further into the worlds of the unknown. It is safe to say, despite us losing the photos in time, it will be hard to deny what was going on for all those who witnessed it. Isn't ironic though that it would have to take place at the potentially your most hated part about school, idiotic plays? I'll touch on that a bit more but for now, let's focus on those weird photos your grandmother took.

Aside from you being a total goof just to get by how much you despised the event, your grandma managed to catch some interesting photos of rather unusual orbs of light. As a rule of thumb, most orb pictures can be tossed aside as either dust, humidity, light effects, or even bugs; but the feet the green one possessed does raise some questions. I cannot say for sure who it was that manifested in that photo, but some other stories around town do give me a few ideas. One that sticks out is a report of a little boy who likes to play with a chainsaw and scare old ladies by the railroad. It does fit that a kid would want to hang around at a school and maybe have a little fun during big activities.

It's hard to say at this point without having a chance to take a look at the location officially. But anyone with half a brain wouldn't want to stick around Murtaugh for long. I happened to run into a couple of guys from back then and learned that out of your original class from Murtaugh; only one guy stuck around to graduate. Even though hauntings will bring

you right back into town, and you can't escape the fact that's where you grew up, all that is has in store for you is dead.

It's hard to say for sure what caused those orbs to appear. There are the examples I mentioned before, but the one with the feet below it is a little harder to write off. And it's not like your grandmother had access to some form of image editing software, it's equally as doubtful your tech-savvy uncle would volunteer to make them just to mess with you. However, one capture also speaks volumes on the potential findings or that one of your friends is potentially possessed.

Seriously, try to research what would cause someone's shadow to be laid out in a completely separate direction as everything else in the room. Should you decide to publish these letters maybe try to add in an "artist's interpretation" to better explain it to the people, you show it too. Even under the theories, I have put together, nothing I've managed to piece together can explain it (at least nothing that can be tested easily).

Anyway, as I mentioned before, this will snowball into part of your life's work. Things are piling together to pull off something you've always wanted to do. The people that you've looked up to are coming your way. You'll get to impress the very people you watched and looked up to and have opportunities to build your skills. I know at this point you probably don't believe me, I would be skeptical too if anyone tried telling me the same thing.

But, this just might be able to unlock some of the deepest secrets mankind has been trying to uncover since the dawn of civilization. This is going to get very interesting, it'll get hard, it'll sometimes get terrifying, and it'll get heartbreaking; but you're screwed from ever being normal.

With Love, You

PROOF

DEATH AND DISSECTION

Dear Kota, ages affected 11-12

Well, this was probably a situation that could've been avoided all together were you the type that ate healthily. But this could be another case of the saying, "hindsight is always 20/20," when all things are considered.

For years afterward your mother will try to put the entire fault on your father for failing to mention any medical history up to this point and as you might expect it will get quite irritating even if she ended up being correct. At the time of writing this, I have yet to discern if she's only trying to make others feel like crap or if she's paranoid and believes the world is always out to get her whenever she does this. Either way, this happened, and nothing can be done to fix it.

It appears that your gall bladder may have been faulty since you were born and your constant diet of whatever food was in front of you may have ended up killing it, on Thanksgiving of all days (despite not being able to eat anything because you felt so crappy). It leads to your entire system shutting down, and you may have died on the way to the hospital... a few times. The only reason that this can be claimed is that while your grandmother drove you to the hospital, the pain would become so intense you would seemingly blackout then "wake up" next to your deceased great-grandfather in an area that fits the stereotypical description of Heaven.

You somehow kept popping between both "realms" as the pain seemed to go in cycles. The pain would

intensify to the point you'd blackout, and you would appear in Heaven for a few brief moments, then somehow return to this world only to restart the process all over again.

And, despite all the stories of those on the other side allegedly being aware of when you would join them, the ones you saw while over there were just as confused as you. Not that it's your primary focus right now, continually begging for something to eat to get your strength up will end up being your failed goal.

It also doesn't exactly help thing that that hospital in Twin Falls felt you were too severe of a case to take on, so they shipped you to the Boise branch (where you learn of the Twin Falls' nickname being "Tragic Valley"). After extensive testing, and learning the hard way that you are allergic to morphine, they figured out that your gall bladder was infected to the point it shut your system down.

I should start debriefing you on the "visions" before taking on the medical side of these events. Many will try to argue that the visions of Heaven and deceased loved ones are hallucinations of a mind trying desperately to keep itself alive or even some form of brain damage. Others, more open to spiritual concepts, say it is the soul getting ready to leave this world. No matter how you want to look at it, the fact of the entire issue is that you died and managed to come back to life. Something helped you come back, but that will be explored in a future letter more in-depth as I know right now all you care about is just getting some food.

But, do try to be nice to the nurses that are trying to help you (and not just because one of your night nurses looks just like your teacher). In the future, you're going to get close to a few, and they don't get enough credit as is for everything they do.

Don't even try to argue with me like you are with everyone else, cause I have a much better idea on this plays out than anyone else you are contemplating cannibalism around. You have to take your nutrients intravenously because any food you do try to consume will only spark more pain. Dude, you're condition is so bad they're worried about having just a sip of water setting you off, and you have to suck a damp rag!

After it is all said and done you won't end up being able to enjoy much of your favorite food choices as often as you would like and drinking alcohol will also be limited since your pancreas also took some damage that will stay for the rest of your life. Word of the wise, drink nothing more than a glass of wine when you're in social situations with alcohol (gotta look good for a hot date).

Oh, and if you haven't heard by now, the doctors will have to operate to remove your gall bladder. Initially, the plan will be to do the surgery in February, but something will end up happening where it gets moved up to your 11th birthday. It sucks, but the nurses will be kind enough to get you a couple of small gifts and even decorate your room when they find out. It will be excruciating because of the gas they have to inflate you with and the fact there is a great deal of abdominal swelling they end up removing.

However, as I have learned, that swelling I mentioned earlier may have stunted your growth a bit to where you're still able to enjoy activities built for much shorter people, like getting to travel internationally. Few people outside of the immediate family who came to see you in the hospital will believe you though since you turn out to be six foot seven inches by the time you graduate high school. When you get home, the school district is going to try to send out a letter threatening action because you missed so many days of school by claiming they're

concerned for your academic performance.

There was never really any concern in the first place; you're likely smarter than most of your class anyway. School districts gain funding partially based on attendance (how it works will change a bit later on), and if a certain number of students don't show up, they lose a lot of money. Some smaller schools, including the one you went to, actually fudge their records a bit so that they don't lose money. Perhaps that is the fact that starts some of the matters I am going to talk about the next time I reach out to you.

As for the visitations to Heaven, that'll be discussed more in another future letter. At the time of writing these I am merely 23 and what appears to be the underlying "mechanics" of what makes such events possible is something even the most brilliant and well-respected scientists barely can comprehend. Until next time. Stay strong.

With Love, You

PROOF

REBELLION

Dear Kota, ages affected 12-14

Do you honestly think that this move was the best? I know that your mother can be a total bitch for reasons unprovoked, she treats you like you're continually lying or up to nothing good, accuses you of things you never did (even when you weren't around to do them in the first place)... wait, it was probably for the best that you walked away for a bit. However, Murtaugh is far from the best place to do it. I'll level with you a bit, there are things that were going on that needed to stop, and your mom should try to calm down but where you are going to be living with your grandparents that is only setting you back from your true potential.

Murtaugh's school plans are in fact behind a good majority of the state by roughly a decade. This holds back what you could be doing altogether. But honestly, using the excuse that your 6th-grade teacher looking precisely like one of your cousins is just ridiculous. The guys you were hanging out with? Drugs, drugs, and more drugs. A few other rather despicable acts are in the mix, but every single one of them starts off by using, and that's not something you want.

But perhaps, in some manner, this move is for the best. Maybe in the grand scheme of things, this will help you understand how the world, and society, works as a whole and provide insight into what you can do to help change it. The harsh comments, the lonesome dances, the backstabbing, the constant lies... it all has to be worth something right? Well, maybe it was. To be honest, I'm still trying to sort through what

good came out from being in Murtaugh all together; however, with some meditation, I was able to come to a realization.

Right around the time of the 2016 presidential election, immature prejudice will cause the country to become divided with political indifference and confirmation bias. Basically, the whole "democrats" versus "republicans" debate gets worse, to the point people destroy one another for no reason. There will also be people in your own life who will try to do the exact same; some you are related to by blood and some you'll start dating.

In retrospect, many had their own personal problems going on that was the source of their emotions, but knowing how you are more problems will come up. You being able to find a balance between pissing off the genuine bad guys and maintaining peace among people that matter will get tricky. But, that perhaps part of the greater picture.

You'll have to stand your ground, even against people you love. If you're going to accomplish anything, to make your life genuinely mean something, there are plenty of people you'll have to take a stand against; your family, your friends, some of the pretty ladies you'll believe might be that magical "one true love" that's always shown in the movies.

These parties that get involved will all have their own motivations for trying to use you (so far the reasons I found are to control you, use you, or they just think you're too stupid to know any better) but you'll need to learn how to filter them out of your life. Don't feel too bad about how far you'll have to take things; some of them just won't know to take the hint and try to cause further grief.

But the fights will all be worth it. This experience will help you truly filter out who is on

your side, and those against you. There will be some secrets, a little heartbreak, a little jealously at times but the truth of it all will help you develop stronger relationships; ones that will last much longer than anything else you have ever felt.

Stay strong as always, dude.

With Love, You

PROOF

THE ARCHANGEL

Dear Kota, age affected 12

Several questions must be running through your head at this moment, and anyone who bothers to listen to your story will likely face a few of their own. There will be some lowlifes with nothing better to do than try to take away from the significance of the event, but their opinions far from matter.

The basics of the issue cannot be argued; you tried to take your own life, something intervened, and you were introduced to a little girl who says you are her father. This letter might end up being a bit longer than the others that I have sent you over the years, but I need you to focus and read EVERYTHING.

Perhaps what should be focused on first is what drove you to do it, and maybe that can help you down the road. This is one of those things that never really go away, especially with your little twist on the events. Regardless, this information will help save thousands by the time you get to write this letter. Maybe even more if you choose to release the messages I've been sending you.

With some thought, perhaps this was escalated to this level is your realization that everything going on with you makes you very different to nearly everyone. That might be typical thoughts of a kid at your age, but the constant fighting you went through with everyone certainly didn't help, right? Take a minute to really think about it, though, how much of what is happening to you was people just reacting to your negativity?

I'm only saying stop and think for a few

moments. Yeah, the situation going on with your family isn't fair. The other kids are assholes, your family acting like you're some criminal is stressful, but you working against your teacher just because she looks like one of your cousins is too far.

But these are merely masks to a much bigger problem. You know something isn't right and want to get as far away from any part of it as much as possible. It is clear that this is the case, and even the alleged higher powers the intervened knew it as well. Dude, you don't want to repeat everything that happened, and that's okay. What you feel now, why you decided to try hanging yourself, why you want out; it's all understandable. But as I mentioned before big things are coming, and this is perhaps the biggest.

When you started to lose consciousness, if we could call it that, you began to see things that don't make much sense. At first, you noticed a brief glimpse of a white light before it turned into this immense blue color that completely overpowered your senses. By the time you were able to adjust, it had looked like you were hovering in this weird space where the light around you seemed to bend and curve like you were deep underwater. Then right when you find yourself unable to move anything but your eyes, a strange man in white appears in front of you. Does this sound about right?

Of course, because you immediately noticed that this man seemed to emit light and appeared somewhat blurry. Right away, you could see that the man was wearing a long white robe and had shoulder-length brown hair. The vibe coming off of him felt welcoming, warm, yet concerned about your well-being. These feelings only seemed to grow stronger as he walked towards you and mentioned someone else was with there that wanted to see you.

And the little girl the man revealed to be hiding said to you, "Daddy, please don't do it."

I'm going to try answering your questions to the best of my ability, cause, to be honest, I still have yet to find anything definitive to verify everything this incident implicates. It honestly gets so complicated that the very "mechanics" that MAY play a factor into it stump the most genius of scientists in the modern-day. In nearly every field of expertise that I have gone through to try to filter out the possibilities, none are able to rule out the incident entirely.

But based on what I've found, what's going on is truly weird in almost every definition out there. However, at least until something new comes forward, these are the facts (rather assumptions if we want to get scientific about it) you and I need to abide by to MAYBE find answers.

It's going sound absolutely insane, but often, as you will discover soon enough, the truth is much stranger than fiction. Many people, quite a few who honestly have less knowledge about these things than you do, will try to dictate what happened. Some will say that it's demons trying to influence you, some will try to say it's your future self, a few who had lost loved one to traumatic events will try to discredit you and ask why something didn't save other people. These are the people you'll, unfortunately, have to ignore, and it will be hard to do for various reasons, as their judgments cloud the real pursuit of knowledge.

At least, by the time I am writing this letter to you, our methods of research not only helped identify our ethereal visitors (and potentially our protectors) but laid the groundwork for understanding the very evolution of the soul as it traverses the cosmos. The little girl? There is a significant likelihood she is, in fact, our daughter. The man in white? He may not have been human; our mentors suspect that he is an archangel. You aren't into the church

scene, but even you know this isn't a small-time player. The archangel is Michael; quoted as being God's right hand, protector of those who risk their lives, leader of the angelic armies against the battles with Lucifer, and believed by some to be Jesus Christ himself.

You don't go to church, and unless somebody was dying or getting married the thought rarely crossed your mind. So according to the religious nuts that attempt to crucify you metaphorically, that makes you unworthy. But in spite of that something saved you, something with the power to put you somewhere seemingly outside of time and space and introduce you to your daughter who hasn't even been conceived at the time I am writing this letter to you.

In terms of spiritual beings, the only things with the capability of doing it would be something with god-like abilities, if it wasn't a god in the first place. It's hard not to wonder if there is some grand purpose behind Michael helping you out. But as quoted from a future episode of the CW show, *"Supernatural,"* there is nothing more dangerous than an asshole thinking he's on a mission from God, so that train of thought could lead to some problems.

As for why it happened, that might be easier to explain compared to exactly how it happened. A part of it seems to come from a sense of wanting to be someone of importance rather than repeat the events from your father's side of the family (which I'll cover more in the next letter I send). You don't want to become a guy like your father and be able to live a happy life; a life where you can help people and change the world. At least that's the explanation your therapist suggested. Maybe Michael saw this as an opportunity and knew that if you had some confirmation about being able to overcome what's coming, then you would go for it against all odds.

As for HOW... that's where it gets weird. Over the years, I've spoken to a few people that you'll come to respect as mentors. I won't list who all they are, but one includes Father Jacob. He and a few other sources helped ID Michael as the man you saw in your vision (and ones yet to come) as well as show you ways to communicate with him further.

It's through those methods, and a few other case studies, I was able to put a possible theory together to go by until more information comes up. Unfortunately, you lose someone in your family, who was able to see the little girl before they died. But after they come back to talk to you, they helped get some insight into how it all works.

Before I go further, it feels wrong, referring to the little girl as just "the little girl." To go forward, we named her Olivia Hope. Go ahead and ask her if she likes it when you get the chance, she'll okay it.

Anyway, it looks like only living people able to see and interact with Olivia are going to be blood family who died and found ways to come back (it appears the dead are able to see her regardless). Which could spell trouble if we manage to track down who Olivia's mother is; I have a few leads, but given the whole archangel/resurrection/time travel aspects of it we can't know for sure until the day Olivia is born.

There is going to be a follow-up incident where Olivia drops a hint that her mom is going to need your help, so maybe that has something to do with it. You have to find out more, but thankfully, you have the time to do so. But it also seems part of the reason it was also able to take place is that Olivia may have died in her past life and was in the final stages of reincarnation, placing her spirit in higher dimensional planes that "Heaven" resides. It might not

make sense now, but in time, it will.

Until more information comes forward, the only thing that can be done with it is accept it as a call to action. You've got an opportunity seemingly no one else was able to get, not in this lifetime anyway, DO NOT WASTE IT. Even if the incident only happened because of weird timing, one of the most powerful angelic forces in Judeo-Christian religions intervenes multiple occasions to bring you back to life, that isn't something to take for granted. I know it sounds scary; you may not feel like you can pull it off. The main thing to remember above anything else, that little girl wouldn't try to help you if she didn't care. Obviously, you do something right by her...

Let's do everything we can to keep it that way.

With Love, You

P.S. I should also mention that you manage to find a way to speak with Michael directly about why he has helped you. Apparently, there is something big we are supposed to do in response to everything that has happened to us and part of the deal made was that if we kept fighting and doing our best to help as many people as we can, a loving wife and child would come our way.

The things we always wanted, to simply feel love and acceptance and become something bigger than what made us into who we are, are guaranteed as long as we are willing to show we will put in the work.

SUNNY DAY

Dear Kota, age affected 14

Slowly we are getting things back together after making the mistake of leaving Twin Falls for Murtaugh. Honestly, as you probably already saw by now, there is much going on that can leave you impaired as far as your deeper search for knowledge in the world. Murtaugh is renowned for being behind in its academics, I mean what can you expect from a small town of fewer than 200 people?

This letter isn't something of too much significance if you're worried about that. This is more of something to give you a few friendly warnings about what is to come in the following days. To start things off, let's talk about that pretty girl you were talking to that unknowingly inspired you to make the switch back to Twin Falls.

Don't get all gooshy on me. You know exactly the one I'm talking about. The one who looks like she could be the sister of a couple of different Disney show actresses! You know damn well you only considered switching back to Twin Falls of the off chance she'd date you and MAYBE be Olivia's mother. Well, I actually found out there was a brief time period she tries to get your attention.

But, probably like most guys like us, we were too oblivious to realize it. This is most likely for the best because our mother revealed that she briefly dated her father, and the reason behind the break-up was because you and the young lady were talking and looked like you were going to get together.

Well, I'm going to be honest with you, her being Olivia's mom is highly unlikely. As far as actually getting a date? That doesn't happen either. Maybe there was a time you had an opening, but in reality, it was probably for the best nothing happened between you two. You have much about yourself you need to work on, and I think we both can agree on that matter. Besides, don't worry about her, she manages to get herself a pretty cozy life together from the sounds of things. At the time of writing this, she's actually married and has a six-month-old daughter. It is doubtful she has any more influence within our lives, and the hints that will come to you in time seem to back this idea.

But it is because of her kindness that we are able to step up and start making changes to better ourselves, so that is something we can thank her for. Upon your return, the idiots will take one look at you and decide that you are worth harassing simply because of how tall you were. Try to take this with a grain of salt, none of them have anything better to do with their time. You could also think of it as a good sign though, people with very low opinions of themselves will always try to find a way to bring you to their level because they see you much higher in standing. Continue to stand strong as you do then you'll have quite a few battles.

But through those battles, and the surprising kindness of few, that change the landscape of how you operate in the future and help you become the person many people need. Stay strong.

With Love, You

P.S. Oh, I almost forgot to mention. Shortly after your return from Murtaugh, you will actually get the attention of a pretty brunette girl you end up

stealing from a guy in your circle of friends. That's right, you become the guy the ladies wish they rope in! Alright, alright the term "stealing" may hold a bit of negative connotation, but the reality is that your friend completely treated her like crap. Even though this is the first real girlfriend you get, it won't last long.

As it turns out, she had issues pretty close to your own, and the fact the both of you don't really have a good grasp on how to handle it all will cause problems. But, as much as it hurts, she does become quite influential on how you act moving forward. All the girls we end up with will in some manner, but this was our first kiss. She probably had the most to show you about becoming a man, as compared to everyone else, yet you don't realize it. Give it time, and you'll see what I mean.

PROOF

FATHER'S SINS

Dear Kota, ages affected 14-23

This was perhaps the biggest event in your life so far, and it reveals a lot of the answers you've been looking for. But it also makes it one of the most heartbreaking. You always knew something was wrong on your father's side of your bloodline, and this was the event that makes things clear. Your father sexually assaulted your sister, likely started to move in on you and the others, and something happened to get everything to come crashing down finally.

I am going to be straightforward with you right now; someone is lying to you about what is happening. It is the same people the let this happen. As far as the extent of the lies, I'm still not 100% sure. However, it's been enough to where we are effectively estranged from all of them, especially after they learned about you affiliating yourself with local, state, and federal authorities in the near future. Since it took years for me to uncover as much as I have on the matter, I guess I should tell you everything in hopes you can be better prepared though I doubt it will be effective. But here goes nothing...

You're going to be told that your sister stepped up and revealed the abuse was taking place after your father started to move in on the other kids. However, your cousin reveals that she discovered messages on Facebook between your father and sister that detailed everything. Your father sexually assaulted your sister, your stepmother, beat them, and started to move in on the others. Your stepmother let it happen, used drugs, and may have given you some of the acid she used.

You're probably wondering how long this was happening. Well with just your sister, at least seven years that the police were able to find. Your father is an abusive prick. That likely was just the main effect of him repeating things done to him when he was a kid, and that's been going on longer than you've been alive. Many of your family members on your father's side distanced themselves from him because of this, leaving you and the others stranded. You are going to want to get pissed off at it, and you have every right.

However, it wouldn't be totally fair to base your anger completely on their negligence. You will start to pursue contacts with people who dedicate their lives to stopping people like your father; in fact, they help you understand everything that happened better than anyone. Your father's side of the family will have no problem announcing that they have issues with you hanging around those people. Your aunts, your cousins, your sisters, your uncles, your stepmother, even your grandparents make it clear they only want to wrap you up in how they live their ways instead of what you're meant to be.

Only one relative really proves to be an exception to the rule is your great grandmother. She was able to answer many of your questions as well as get information from you about how the incidents with your father and sister went down.

I also may have gotten a bit off track. Those seven years mentioned earlier were after your father got back from a tour in Iraq. At least five other guys from his unit were arrested for the same type of behavior. It really makes you wonder what happened over there to make him worse. I'm sure you remember the story he told about the IED that went off and nearly vaporized a guy, and how the first thing your father noticed was the smell of burnt pork. It leaves little to the imagination, really.

But above all else, there is something you need to know and to try your best to remember for the rest of your life.

THIS. IS. NOT. YOUR. FAULT.

None of it is your fault. None of it is on you. There was nothing that could have been done. There is nothing that can be done as long as they continue to be how they are. I know how much you want to try helping your siblings, but there is nothing that can be done without hurting people even more. Your sister, the one that was the center of attention during this whole ordeal, will even try to make you feel like crap for everything but do not listen to her. She seems to have completely given in to the influence and will likely continue the cycles if something does not change.

It sounds mean and completely undeserved (there was another fight recently that influenced this mindset, one where she tried to twist facts and pin this on your mother, so I do sincerely apologize) as she was perhaps more of a victim than you ever will be, but the truth remains that she continues to use it as an excuse to try getting attention rather than help everyone heal. Perhaps everything I've really said on the matters doesn't make us any better than them, after all, they were once innocent people before they allowed themselves to become who they are today. Maybe I should just stop there, and close out this letter with how it all ends (at least get you up to speed with what I know).

Slowly the ties with your father's side of the family wither after you try to rebuild those bridges. Your father is currently in a prison cell in Texas as part of the state of Idaho's efforts to throw away "lifers" or people who will most likely spend the rest of their life in prison for what they had done. As you start to find ways to leave the country,

coincidentally, people on that side of your family start dying.

Of course, they keep you out of the loop by also trying to convince the younger kids that you hate them, so they would stop trying to puppy-dog-eye you into visiting. A few years from now they also don't let you know about three separate deaths in the family, with the added insult of being the only grandchild left out of your grandmother's obituary. Even though your grandmother wasn't technically related to you, and she wasn't exactly someone you wanted to be affiliated with in any way, it makes it obvious how they feel about you.

Inevitably it's not worth it, and unfortunately, unless we somehow come across a major goldmine and start up a "Fortune 500" company you and I will never be able to take them in. You know who I mean by "them." Our brothers and sisters too young to really understand what has happened. It's official by the time you get to start writing these letters to your own younger self; you are on another path separate from them. Maybe we will all cross paths again and be able to make amends for everything, but for now, it isn't certain. When it happens, we'll take care of it then.

But with the hope of leaving some inspirational meaning behind this letter to help you move on, I think there is some mantra-ish saying I came up with that could be of some use to many who faced similar problems like our own.

It goes as follows:

"Remember the monsters as obstacles. Remember the victims as reasons. The heroes as inspirations, But most importantly. Remember the survivors as hope."

I happened to have this come to mind while on a

road trip through the Oregon Coast, which I'll likely tell you about in a later letter. For now just try to remember you will make it through this, even if you are the only one to truly evolve from it all. Until next time, bud.

With Love, You

P.S. Beware of the Lord of Shadows. DO NOT TAKE HIS DEAL. Fight. This thing is dangerous beyond any comprehension. You'll learn soon enough.

PROOF

THE TEAM THAT WAS

Dear Kota, ages affected 14

This is where we start to become the very person, the very man, we are meant to be. Our struggles, our battles, our knowledge of worlds beyond and so much more wouldn't have really lead us any other way. All the tests we've gone through proved that we were in fact of the one-off situations that suggest the things we chase after are in fact real. But don't think that just because we made the call to start looking into the supernatural finally, it will automatically help us find the answers we have been looking for all this time. If anything, it will only add more mysteries to solve. But that is the best part about it, right?

After the shit completely hits the fan in regards to your father's case, you needed a bit of a distraction as you made yourself sick with worry about what all could happen. As the idea of trying to gather some of the equipment you saw in all of the ghost hunting shows and bring together your own little team becomes more and more appealing, since none of the already active groups seemed comfortable with letting a teenager onboard, surprisingly the good-looking redhead you're dating at the time convinces you to go through with it.

Yet, we were also able to convince a few of our friends from school to join too. Somehow, with the little resources we had and the many legal loopholes we jumped through, word got out quickly about a teenage ghost hunting team solving cases nearly as quickly as it was shown on TV. Our ages were hidden for a while until

The team itself was comprised of us, Shandra (a cover name for the redhead I mentioned earlier), Henry, Marcus, Jose, Kristen, Shelby, Brandon, and whatever "adult" we could convince to come with us to should we ever had to deal with police. For the time being, these became the best hands you had available, and you became a bit of a family. The name you settled on for the team, the one that likely helped you stand out, is the Paranormal Raider Force. You guys tossed a few around that sounded similar to the name of other groups, but that was unique enough to get even the ladies to agree on.

From the old foreman's family that haunted the old highway department in Murtaugh, to the families that reached out to us from across the globe, to the South Hills Sasquatch, and even the green fireball hunt we pushed through and came out on top; we learned more and more about the world with each hunt. However, I should warn there will come one case that breaks up the entire team, one that nearly kills you and Shandra in the process.

Shelby had apparently been dealing with some strange events at home and finally opened up to the group for help. Initially, we were going to run her just like any other client, but the video she provided of her younger brother (a 5'11" 200lb football player) being picked up and thrown by some sort of unseen force escalated the threat level, and we had to act fast. Only Shandra and I were available for that weekend we discussed with Shelby's family.

The reports sounded too much like a cliche horror flick to take too seriously; only the motivation to maintain a professional image seemed like a logical reason to keep moving forward. Yes, she was a member of your team, but you have to remain objective to keep from clouding your judgment. The family could have very well be experiencing something, but a number of factors can actually replicate

paranormal-esque situations for those who aren't aware of what's really going on. These can be anything from carbon monoxide poisoning, mental illness, side effects of prescription medications, sleep deprivation, mice infestations, even anomalous electromagnetic activity in the area (anything from old power lines to even magnetic properties of the Earth itself).

The video could've easily been faked in some manner with the appropriate set-up, basically a wire-rig not unlike those used in the film industry. But figures that upon a close examination of every possible outcome you could think of at the time, none panned out to eliminate the supernatural.

So that being the case, it was inevitable to have to pursue otherworldly origins. You need to do a cross-examination of all the facts just to make sure you didn't miss anything. But this case will not let you go off easily, and it will try to kill you, Shandra, Shelby's family, and more. Why? I'm a little sketchy on this notion, but some of our "sensitive" contacts believe the demon is one that goes by Naberius.

Allegedly Naberius has been hunting your family for generations and decided you were a threat to try eliminating (though some question if he also conspired to help you break free from your father's abuse). But heed not, you will pull through this.

You'll have to watch your back, and undergo at least two powerful exorcisms to get Naberius out of you and keep everyone around you safe. But you are going to power through this fight. You also need to watch out for Henry as well because he likes to put his hands on women, and not in that way.

Oh, I should also mention that Naberius is also another name for Cerberus from Greek mythology. Yes,

Dakota, it looks like you just might have the original hellhound on your tail.

With Love, You

P.S. My next letter will come very soon. I'm sorry that I can't share more about this case right now, but I can't risk doing anything that might change the course of events. You and your team have to go through this rut in order to become better people all around. There is no other way.

PROOF

I STAND ALONE

Dear Kota, age affected 14

I am truly sorry that this had to come down to this, but there was no other way to keep everyone safe. Naberius didn't win, and Shelby and her family are long safe and slowly healing from the poisoning the fell upon them so that should count as a win, right? Then why doesn't it feel like it, you may be wondering? That, my younger ego, is, unfortunately, the cost of this life.

We are putting ourselves on the front lines of people's worst nightmares, to things the police and military aren't equipped to handle (at least the groups you will come to work with lightly in the near future). This fight is physical, it's psychological, it's spiritual, and overall exhausting on fronts you didn't know even existed.

At times you are going to be the caped crusader who swoops in at the right moment, the warrior charging into a battlefield, the oracle those come to for wisdom, the guardian to protect those unable to defend themselves, and well as the shoulder for the times when it becomes too much to bear. While we do come to the rescue of countless lives, some we may never meet face-to-face, being all those things sometimes will never be enough to save everyone.

Especially when it was you who was pinned to the ceiling and nearly set on fire while a pack of hellhounds was tearing into your flesh as the demonic bastard just laughed.

I mentioned in my previous letter that Naberius,

in his twisted way, may have tried to help you escape your father's abuse. He is known to be a sort of watchdog within demonic realms and is able to assist in helping one earn ranks by making them cunning in arts and sciences as well as strip one of said ranks should he feel they are unworthy.

It may be that Naberius knew our ancestors, knew what it was that we are capable of, and grew distasteful in how some of us had used our strengths. The archangel Michael, according to our "sensitive" contacts, had overseen our father's side of the family for similar reasons. As confusing and completely unbelievable as it may be, it appears we have agents in both Heaven and Hell waiting to see what we could become. If so, the concepts aren't nearly as black and white as religious texts make it seem.

Sorry, I got a little sidetracked. I know you probably noticed a bit us getting off-topic in such a way happens often, but it will make sense in time. But back to what I was saying.

There are things watching out for you from the other side, and in doing so prove that Heaven and Hell are willing to set aside their differences for the overall betterment of humanity if they see the humans they entrust are not only capable but willing to follow through with the big picture. In order to make you stronger, you will have to take a few hits. But it's not you that you're worried about is it? You're worried about Shandra, how she seems to be spiraling out of control.

What she saw during that case scared her, leaving marks nearly as deep as your own upon her soul. Her actions are in response to this, essentially not wanting ever to be afraid of the potential loss of someone's life again. The walls she is throwing up are her self-destructive way not to let anyone that close ever again, but it proves not to be good enough to

protect her from the nightmares. She will soon disappear, having run away from home. She'll be alright, but the guys she hangs around will not be ones that will have her best interests in mind.

Focus your sights to Salt Lake City the moment our friend Donald brings it to your attention, that is where she ends up. Like I said she'd be okay and that is something you need to remember as her and her family move away from home soon after. But I did recently find something out that might make you feel better.

Even though it will come clear in time that she is not Olivia's mother, her feelings for you will stay with her for quite some time as the man who she credits for changing her life. Remembering what you taught her about any word or symbol being turned into a protective "charm," she decides to get a tattoo on her right shoulder to do just that, and it's you. Her protection tattoo is your name across a bear paw. Fitting as how the school you two met at has the mascot of Bruins.

She gets better in time. As a matter of fact, at the time of writing this, she's about to get married to a rather interesting fellow. He's about your age but has the cliché mannerisms as a "good ole' Texas boy." I don't get any concerning vibes from him, and Shandra wasn't showing any signs of fearing him at all. She'll be okay.

As for you, yes you'll have your fair share of flings, but I wanted to take some time to give you some advice on how to move forward. After the incident, later dubbed as "Hellhound on Harrison Street," it's going to be hard to convince anyone who is aware of what happened to join you on further cases. The blowup between you and Henry also makes some people nervous, in spite of nearly everyone else wanting to confront him as you did. Yet, because you

take on the "lone avenger," persona everyone is even more afraid to approach you in fear you'll turn on them.

It really does help sort through everyone in some way, so you know who your real friends are, people that share similar ideals to you. This will come in handy as chances to collaborate with large networks and agencies that start coming your way. In a way, these will be the moments that help you become a bit of a celebrity.

Your first couple of appearances will take the form of radio interviews. They aren't with any major networks but will definitely help get your name out there. Just remember to keep a cool head and take every opportunity that comes so you can expand and help even more people. But at the same time, you need to remain the person you set out to be when this all begins. You'll need to stand strong as more will come your way to challenge your empire; including your own family.

Keep up the fight. There will always come a time where you need to tell off those who claim to be your biggest supporters because they attempt to cross the line in their efforts to "just help."

As for Naberius, don't worry about him. Though the history of the demonic entity indicates you might have some sort of tie to Hercules, the only other incident where he is even referenced involves a wannabe cult. I'll try my best to send a letter your way just before it happens, so you know where to look. Their ideals will be fueled be heavy narcotics, so in the end, they are drawing in their own demise. Stay alert, and you'll find a few "members" soon.

Until then, take care.

With Love, You

P.S. A case is going to come your way where a woman is going to claim that her husband is being possessed by a similar demon, but do not act too quickly. While a spirit is in the area, they are there trying to warn the client of what is going on. Her husband is not being faithful, and is being physically abusive in response to it.

That being said, you know what needs to be done but do take a careful listen as the spirit in that house will reach you directly.

PROOF

SOUTH HILLS SASQUATCH

Dear Kota, age affected 14

You did it, you crazy knucklehead! You managed to capture LEGITIMATE evidence of the South Hills Sasquatch! The creature is real and has multiplied! You haven't gone totally insane (yet at least)!

When a mishap during the family camping trip caused a change in venue, you get directed to a site that has been on your wishlist since the eighth grade ski trip. Though the change leads to a little bit of heartache, seeing your grandpa break down cause he isn't as strong as he used to be from the cancer treatments.

But, as always he's too stubborn to stay down for long. When everyone gets relocated and settled, you finally get a chance to scope out the area armed with knowledge acquired from a conveniently timed guest on your colleague's radio show.

It almost seems surreal, doesn't it? Us being able to go from a weird sighting out the side of the school bus during a ski trip to being able to actually searching for it, the sensation is comparable to adventure movies when the hero finds a lost city. But just like those movies, the finding is just the tip of the iceberg; there is always something more to discover. Like, for example, how the heck did an over eight-foot ape that lives in the woods and cave systems find out about chocolate?

Seriously, think about it? How would, essentially, a wild animal that takes every precaution it can come up with to avoid human contact end up

finding out it has a sweet tooth? After a tip from a retired forensic media analyst in New Jersey came forward about being able to capture a 'Squatch on a trap camera when he ran out of other types of food to layout for the creature, you decide to try it yourself.

As if something was wanting to help you have the encounter, a juvenile Sasquatch actually tries to sneak up behind you as you are setting the bait. It is a sighting that helps land another radio show appearance.

But more research will need to be done, my friend. Right now there is speculation that Bigfoot, and similar species around the world, MIGHT be extraterrestrial in nature (some even speculate they are extra-dimensional). The reports are said to come from Native American tribes, though more recent examples are comparable to someone watching too much Star Wars. Until we find more evidence to back this idea, it is probably best to continue studying it as an unidentified creature. Based on the findings from various sources, it will be a fascinating creature to study.

The elusiveness of such gigantic creatures, use of tools, ability to create a language and even speak English suggests they are of high intellect. Some speculate that they can even somehow sense when cameras are around.

The diet consists mostly of vegetation, but some believe Bigfoot can operate like tribal hunters. Some variations of Sasquatch-esque creatures spotted in other parts of the world seem to be more hostile than others. This will be something to take into consideration if more opportunities arise to take on more hunts like this.

Keep hunting. Keep traveling. The adventure is

what it is all about.

With Love, You

PROOF

GOODBYE GRANDPA

Dear Kota, age affected 15

There aren't any words to describe what is going on through your mind right now. Losing someone is always going to be hard but someone as important as our grandpa. He was our dad, the one we could turn to if things turned sour, the one we could get advice from without some lecture, and the first person that supported what we wanted to put together. He was the person we needed above all else to at least smack us upside the head when we turned too sour.

A part of you wants to bottle up everything you're feeling right now, trust me I get it. You know your grandfather, for a fact, wouldn't want you to get upset over losing him when you knew it was a possibility. Cancer fucking sucks; it shows no discretion. Your grandpa did everything he could to put up a good fight, and you know just as well as I do that had it not been for grandma egging him on he probably would've given up sooner. Hell, she did the same for you quite a few times.

I know it hurts now for you to talk about it. You want to do everything you can not to break down, so I'll understand if you're going to set this aside for a bit until you are ready. I'm going to keep going so there will be plenty of material for you to read up on.

You were in the fifth grade when the doctors found the tumor. Which, unfortunately, means that the five-year time-stamp he was given was a little too accurate for comfort. Barely a junior in high school, things are likely going to start taking place that

you would want his advice on; life, girls, the future, and everything taking place on your father's side of your family are examples that immediately come to mind.

But, dude, you have to lay back. Your grandpa put up a good fight for as long as he could, and that is something you will need to accept in time. He did make the promise to haunt you by possessing the ugliest lunch lady and make her start kissing you, which he more or less fulfills (not the possession part, he might not be strong enough as a spirit to pull that off). You'll get to hear from him again, even manage to catch his voice on a recording. But that's not the only thing bothering you, is it?

It's the things that happened when he started to lose the remainder of his strength that are on your mind. Are they, in fact, visitors? Did your grandpa see Olivia? Or were they weird hallucinations caused by the mind desperately trying to prevent the inevitable?

I might have a few answers. This incident, among others, may have given you some insight into the afterlife. The dog, your grandfather, said was laying on his chest and making it hard for him to breathe. Who do you think it was? That's right, the same dog that came to you in a dream the very night he died a couple of weeks prior. I think you can figure out the rest, precisely what the fog and the weird images you saw inside it meant and where you saw it again. The dog was trying to warn you of what was about to happen. Why it decided to reach out to you is something I'm not sure of, but it could just be because you're the only one he could reach.

But what about the little girl your grandpa happened to see the exact moment you had your own visitor help you look into the room when you had to help keep the younger kids and pets contained and out

of the way of the paramedics? Who else would it be? Olivia came to help you out and was able to let you astral project through her eyes so you could see what your grandfather saw in his final moments. But it should be noted in a weird twist of events; Grandpa saw Olivia.

This, unfortunately, gave you further insight into what we've been trying to solve all along. But it all backs up the idea that nothing can 100% prove the existence of the afterlife without people having to die and come back to report on what happened. Nevertheless, with what's coming your way your grandfather will still be there as the voice in your head. Even though you were able to somehow able to stow away with your grandfather's spirit as he crossed over into Heaven. I'll explain more in a later letter, right now you need to take time to heal.

It'll be okay, trust me. Grandpa will be one of the voices you'll need to listen to when crucial matters come into play.

With Love, You

BODY IN THE WELL

Dear Kota, age affected 15

There are going to be some people who may question your motivations when they hear how you managed to land this case during your grandfather's funeral. Well, there are a few cases you manage to scrounge up during the funeral.

The first two you acquired didn't hold anything substantial other than examples of what some paranormal groups refer to as matrixing; which is more commonly referred to in psychological studies as pareidolia, simulacrum, or apophenia (all these terms are synonymous to an extent). Yeah, they kind of sound like weird disorders but they are just the labels used to describe when people see funny pictures in random places, like shapes in the clouds, for example.

But I'm getting off track; this case is something you need to pay close attention. Why? Because out of the roughly ten-thousand cases I've worked over the years, this one sits comfortably in spot number three on strangeness. It also figures that the client also happens to be your grandmother's best friend from high school.

The house is located miles outside of any nearby towns, just a short walk from the Snake River Canyon, there is a run-down house on some farmland that hasn't been used in years. The state of the building makes it look to where either a good windstorm or rouge candle-flame could take in all down within seconds, in fact how it still stood in some of the extremes of Idaho weather is beyond me.

This is going to be the house that deals with one of the most extreme circumstances to date, because of the body in the sealed-off well in the basement. A spirit will alert you through an EVP session to its location, and further excavations will prove that someone was in there.

It is also during the investigation that you will start to notice a particular pattern luring in undesirable influences. There is a constant pattern of criminal activity, "certain" individuals are practicing genuine dark magic, and there appear to be MULTIPLE graves on the site. I don't want to reveal too much but one of your uncles, who is a proud skeptic of the supernatural, gets legitimately frightened for his life after joining you for this hunt.

Things are going to happen both outside the home and in the basement on top of a sealed-off well. You need to focus on those areas most, trust me that you'll feel what I'm talking about when things start going down. What's there will make you feel physically sick, maybe that is a side effect from the Naberius incident. Regardless, something is in that house, possibly from multiple deaths taken place. Dude, the ditch where a woman's body was found decapitated lights up by itself! The energies there also lures a few dangerous men that are related to the client.

Be ready, my friend.

With Love, You

P.S. BEWARE OF THE BROTHERS OF MIDNIGHT

CHOICES OF OTHERS

Dear Kota, age affected 16

The thought of having to write this letter is making me sick to my stomach, but if we are truly going to be able to overcome everything that took place, then this is not something we can brush under the rug. Even though the label on this letter is "Choices of Others," we have to reflect upon on our own as well if we are going to be fair in all regards.

So here goes.

As tensions reign high and the classes you see most beneficial to your overall cause are dropped from the school curriculum, the thoughts of potentially leaving Twin Falls High School cross your mind a bit more frequently. Your urges to be a mighty avenger lead to toxic mindsets, ones where mass homicide was contemplated to counter the foolish behaviors of your classmates. It seems harsh but don't argue; it's the truth that needs to be rewritten.

But as you already knew that you have better things to do with your life, you slowly start to look into other avenues to expand on your knowledge a bit more while access is still free. So to best accommodate distance, and that the other high school had more artistic-based classes (though in retrospect probably could've been a bit more helpful with a few things that come your way), the option to attend an online public high school goes ever more appealing.

I know that getting away from the idiots does sound like the best option, but as you move forward, there are things you need to be aware of. Your

mother's financial status becomes hindered when she leaves the hospital and her finding a decent replacement job becomes nearly impossible, so you end up having to move to a crummy trailer park studio apartment, almost surrounded at all sides by convicted criminals.

Some are half-way decent people who admit fully their life screwed up somehow, and they are trying their hardest to get things back on track, but others are just dangerous. You will have people try to break-in and attack you and your sister. Hell one lady tried getting in just because she thought your mother was sleeping with her husband.

The lows of some people never cease to amaze, do they?

It is hard not to get upset at the latest changes, and some of your concerns are understandable. Being a single mother with two kids, she should've been more careful about leaving her job at the hospital just because of teenage gossip going on in the medical records section of the hospital (which is still going on according to rumors). But even you will make the wrong call from time-to-time.

All of these reasons and more are why I wanted to emphasize an idea to you in this letter. It is not up for debate that, because she had you and your sister, she should've been more careful. This is something that you can learn from for your own future. Your mother left the hospital cause she grew tired of the bullshit from other people, which isn't much different from how you chose to leave Twin Falls High School.

The main difference is between the two is that you had no kids to worry about, but in some manner, it could very well harm your well-being. The isolation and lack of any real communication with people your

age doesn't exactly help settle your mind effectively. Not having time to get away from family and vent from any issues doesn't measure well either.

But at the same time, the very people you need to distance yourself end up being the very ones you need to keep an eye on. The fact you are always around is what helps keep some of the assholes at bay that want to hurt your sister. Somewhat reminiscent of the pot dealer that used to live next door to you, huh? In the face of all the opposition, in the face of your mother's toxic comments, the constant break-ins, and everything else that happens, you need to stand firm.

In the long run, this move will lead to some great opportunities that make the entire struggle worthwhile. It'll be okay. Just remember to take some risks now while you have the freedom to do so without anyone being dependent on your success, and trust your gut. A good majority of the investments you make will work out in the long run.

With Love, You

PROOF

SKYFALL & THE MEN IN BLACK

Dear Kota, age affect 16

This is perhaps one of the strangest cases we ever took on. It wasn't necessarily spooky, but somewhat unnerving seems to be the more optimal word. Maybe it was the timing of the events that makes you feel that way; I'm honestly still not sure. I know that you also never even tried hallucinogenics or have been officially diagnosed as schizophrenic, though some will try along with those oh-so-caring Christians that claim the Devil is influencing you. I'm all for freedom of religion, but I can tell you for a fact, both angels and demons frown upon those that behave in such ways.

But this is not the time to talk about that, though some speculate that angels and demons might play a factor (a discussion for another time, perhaps). I'm talking about the green fireball that crashed down about fifty miles from where you are. The sound of it bursting through the atmosphere was intense enough to cause houses to shake and windows to shatter near the impact zone. The following morning you managed to assemble a few guys and drive out to roughly where you estimated the object landed. You were able to find some visible damage, but almost immediately, you notice that someone beat you to the location and seemingly extracted samples in the area.

Alright, no biggy, right? This could've easily been somebody looking to collect a potential meteorite (if nickel and iron are present they give off green flames). Then why in the HELL was the Men in Black in town? No, not the guys from the movies, I'm talking about the real deal. I'm talking about

the subjects that have been reported to harass UFO witnesses or anyone who digs too deep into the matter. In the next few weeks, you are going to see them stalking you, just sitting in their vehicle to watch. You eventually had enough and tried confronting them, but that was where it gets weird.

The guys you confronted fit the profile you hear of in the lore. They stay in groups of three, matching outfits, matching sunglasses, pale skin, everything on them looking like it was taken out of a magazine, no visible identifying marks, no expression on their face, no sign of body hair ever being on them, no definition to their lips or nose... these guys couldn't have been human. The MiB subjects rolled down the window of their vehicle so you can get a good look; they wanted you to see them. Otherwise, they would've found a way to disappear before you could reach them. You wanted to ask them questions, but they didn't physically speak. They instead spoke telepathically. They just told you to walk away.

It's best not to piss these guys off. These guys seem to be able to manipulate their surroundings psychically and even have killed to silence people. There might also be a few missing person cases tied to these guys. But, in spite of the apparent danger, your curiosity gets the better of you. You research them further, to learn about others who had encounters with these guys and lived to tell the tale. It is difficult to determine who is being genuine in this situation as you don't have much to go on other than a profile based on common factors.

Also, you don't deal too much with UFO reports in your area. This is because of the military bases in the region, which have been notorious for contributing to UFO reports due to unknowing civilians catching a glimpse of test flights. Plus, statistically, genuine UFO cases have even slimmer

odds than ghosts. They get reported all the time, but how many of them can we consider factual?

The green fireball caught your interest because reports in the 1940s and 50s state similar objects being seen in and around New Mexico. Official statements on those sightings from well-respected authorities on the matters even claim something is off about them. The fireball you went after didn't show anything "weird" about it, so why did they come?

I am not sure, and I've only had a couple more run-ins with them before they disappeared. The last encounter I had, I mentally screamed at them to either tell me what they want or leave me alone. They drove away, going in what looked like a weird black fog. I honestly wish I had more to work with but digging down that rabbit hole seems only to bring trouble.

I guess we'll have to wait and see now, won't we?

With Love, You

JOHNNY LAW REBOUND

Dear Kota, age affected 16

Remember how I said most of your investments would eventually pay off in the long run? Well, my young friend, this is the first sign of it all paying off and securing your future away from the forces that tried killing you all this time.

After your mother is inspired by a movie to return to her old job as a 911 dispatcher, you are able to quickly reforge your connections with law enforcement that deteriorated after you went dark. Many of whom assume that after the case in Jerome where you helped save a mother and her two young daughters, you kept your work silent to protect the people you help.

If only it were ever that easy.

This letter will probably be one of the shortest I send you, but it might be one of the most important. Through the contacts you build, you get even more knowledge on how to save others, not just from supernatural threats. Who better to learn from than the people that are tasked to answer even the most ridiculous of calls, right?

No matter, in the time that you are in that trailer park, apparently nicknamed "Ghetto Hell" by some of the officers, you deal with so much that gives you the first taste of adrenaline. You get to deal with everything from domestic disputes, attempted kidnappings, drug overdoses, drug fires, deals gone south, and home invasions all within a matter of 100 feet of the house.

Yeah, it seems unlikely that the police would let you get involved because you're a minor, but because they were aware you knew what to look for and because you lived there, you were mostly an informant.

You had to physically intervene a few times, only because if you hadn't someone would've gotten seriously hurt. With some help from the officers, you learn some skills on how to handle these sorts of incidents, ones that can be transferred over to your other endeavors. And to let you in on a little secret, it'll make you one of the most valuable assets out there.

In fairness, I should warn you to keep your cool. Your temper can easily jeopardize our standing with law enforcement channels if you let it out of control in the wrong setting. It might even scare off some important people, someone who makes you believe in the concept of soul mates even.

Sorry, that particular person is back, and it's bringing up old emotions — nothing to worry about, at least for a few more years for you. We learn quite valuable lessons from her. But the fact you get to assist cops from time to time helps you ease into things with her at first. I'll explain more in a future letter, I'll have to since she will read these letters herself one day.

But my time is running short for today. Just remember how I said to keep your temper in check, there will be people who will purposely antagonize the situation to get you to blow up and look like the villain. You'll get to become something much stronger than them, but that won't stop them from trying. You got this. Lastly, don't be afraid to listen to that voice in your head that sounds suspiciously like your grandfather.

With Love, You

PROOF

PROM NIGHT

Dear Kota, age affected 17

Prom night, a time where you get to head out with friends and dance the night away. Maybe you find a nice girl to take with you, a couple of slow dances set you in the mood, and you end the night tangled in matters of flesh while playing through a potential future with the person lying next to you; that sounds like a good time, right? Maybe. Even though we had a date lined up, our duties just had to come first, didn't they?

That young girl needed our help, Dakota, in more ways than just dealing with matters of the occult. In what sounds like a cliché horror flick, she managed to successfully summon a demon that promised her a way out of the grip of her abusive parents. The case was referred to you by a local minister who suspected something much deeper than parental paranoia of paranormal powers and thought that someone of your background could better relate to the young lady. As much as you wanted one regular night as a typical American teenager, you should know better by now that normal abandoned us long ago.

You'll notice something is off with the father, as a very familiar look in his eye seems to spark whenever he merely glances at his daughter. Briefly, he mentions how women "should just shut up and obey men." Somehow, this type of idiot still exists. It should come as no surprise that he was in the same unit your father ran with during his days in the National Guard.

One can try to argue that these so-called

"men" (and some women too) already were mentally ill before enlisting, and it was the conditions they faced in combat that aggravated it. Perhaps this is the case, in spite of the over-reliance on psychological screenings that rarely seem to catch dangerous individuals before they go on to commit vicious crimes. In this case, Hell was rising to give him his judgment.

As much as I hate to say it, to avoid sounding like those who praise violent resolutions to every conflict, but this man will need what I've come to call a "German Christmas Special." This is when measures are taken to permanently scare good behavior out of someone, much like many of the folk tales tied to Christmas in Germany. Even though it would be frowned upon and likely cause a much more widespread infestation, you need to let the demon attack the father. Considering the demon in question could technically be labeled under modern terms as the first "feminazi," she'll have plenty to say.

The young lady was influenced by none other than Lilith herself, or rather something among her ranks. The young lady was somehow able to find a summoning ritual that pleaded to Lilith directly for help getting away from her abusive father. Upon an in-depth inspection of the lore behind Lilith's legend, one would have to be blind not to see why. Much like the young lady, who I should call by the name of Riley for the remainder of this letter, Lilith was abused and expected to be subservient to man.

Believed by many to be the first wife of Adam, long before Eve was created, the turbulent marriage eventually pushed Lilith to retaliate and make a run for it. As for the depictions of her suddenly sprouting wings and becoming a goddess of Hell, that could be exaggerations meant to make Lilith out to be the problem, but the root of the story points to a woman who grew tired and did everything she could get

the ones who hurt her to keep their distance. Part of the lore also states that Lilith promised she would harm no infants if they wore anything that bore the likeness of the angels God sent to try to retrieve her.

It wouldn't be much of a stretch to state that this could very well be one of the earliest accounts of post-traumatic stress disorder. This very human characteristic may have been what made Lilith, or whoever it was, let Riley go. New evidence will come forward to suggest that Lilith didn't even have knowledge of this incident.

She is going to try retaliating. She will throw you through the front door of the house. But this is merely a byproduct of fear, both Riley's and what still lingers within this entity. After the being attacks the father, you get your opening to exorcise her, but only on the condition that you follow through on your promise to get Riley the hell out of that house. The police response that came when you handed her your phone so she could call the authorities to report everything herself was all that was needed. Giving Riley your old card so she could have someone to at least talk to when she needed it seemed to help even more.

Now for the good news. Should this thing ever reemerge, you know how to have better materials to take her on. Riley has since been relocated with an aunt in another state and is doing very well for herself. It takes her a little bit to get settled and work up the courage to give you a call, but that was expected. She needed to take the time to heal from all that has happened, and so far it seems she is one of our more successful saves.

She even has been seeing a seemingly decent guy, who she confessed shares a lot of similar personality traits to us. At the time of writing this

letter, she has gone on to college and is studying to earn her degree in clinical psychology. Even though she has drifted a bit out of your life, the door will always be open for her should she ever need our help again, or if she wants to catch up.

Perhaps we might make a difference after all.

With Love, You

PROOF

OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT

Dear Kota, age affected 17

Assess the situation.

Determine the exact risks.

Investigate all probabilities.

Resolve the case and move on.

That was the protocol we began with for every case we took on. More rules exist, like never turn away a child a need, but those were the foundation. Maybe, I mean MAYBE, if something legitimate was found than we publish our results online. This was the last straw, proving that the implications of what the supernatural truly entails is something much greater than what society is capable of handling. Unfortunately it seems this case just HAD to break up a marriage in the process.

But it was for the best, the husband was being abusive to his wife. It was obvious the moment you met her in person what was going on. She had makeup covering bruises, long and heavy clothes in the middle of the summer, the whole nine-yards of concern. When she disclosed that the activity started right around the time her and her husband had started having marital issues you already knew what as going on. Her husband was having an affair and the spirits, if any, were pissed off about it.

Further examination of the audio taken to document notes about the house shows that someone did in fact make themselves known. The client's deceased

mother was hanging around, watching over the family, and was trying to help expose what was going on. The spirit even went as far as tossing a coffee mug straight into his face!

It is heartbreaking to see this happen, but it was for the best in the long run. Had she stayed in that marriage, she and her two adorable daughters could've been seriously hurt or worse. We did what we had to do in order to save them by revealing the truth of the affair. Personal boundaries were almost crossed, but it would've have been right to take advantage of her like that. Plus, she had no clue you're only seventeen, so it would've lead to only more problems.

But, heads up, there are going to be some rather immature idiots that will assume you slept together just because you extended a hand of kindness. Don't let these people get to you, they are the same nobodies who make jokes about sexually assaulting a murder victim. Otherwise, this case helped cement the significance of what these investigations can really do for people. It was one thing when the spirits attacked us, we have the ability to take a stand, but when innocent people are in the crossfire it becomes something more.

That's where we need to lock this down. Innocent people, troubling lives, and literal nightmares are unfolding before them; we can't exploit that in good consciousness for our own benefit. But, perhaps, it is good as a case study since it is one that solidified our label for Post-Traumatic Psychosomatic Manifestation, or Carrie Syndrome; a label for incidents when the emotional instability of the living aggravates the energies of nearby spirits.

Normally it applies to preteen to young adult females; but it is terminology that needs to be

adjusted to best help people in need.

More work is to be done to best understand the functions of what is going on. But what we can take confidence in is that people need help and are somehow being saved by what we do. Always remember that.

With Love, You

PROOF

GRADUATION

Dear Kota, age affected 18

You finally made it this far, though in the grand scope of things simply pulling this off was a cakewalk. I'm talking about graduating from high school. If you just went by the "playbook" based on the people on your father's side of the family, the bar was set so low you grew over it just by how tall you grew.

But it isn't much of an exaggeration with all things considered; only by not having a criminal record and graduating high school on time sets you apart on paper. Don't let that notion cloud your judgment, though, plenty of chances will come for you to ruin what you are building.

But none of that matters does it? It's time to get into the workforce and help pay off that trip to China you were invited on by your psychology teacher. But being that you're a kid that just got out of high school your job pickings are going to be rather slim, which is why the only spot in town that will hire you on is a rather unmentionable call center. You'll find out about it all very soon, but in polite terms, what happens is pretty much unprofessional in every definition of the term.

What can you expect though, when the main reason you applied there was because you knew that you would recognize a couple of faces, to ease your nerves? Sounds reasonable until you reveal the particular "faces" you're looking forward to seeing are you first girlfriend and your stepmother (yes, her). Your ex tries to stir up trouble by attempting to brag about a

new boyfriend but blow her off, and she won't try again. As for your stepmother, I know you are trying to be forgiving of all that happened, but she'll turn against you very soon.

However, it should be noted that she became useful in helping identify one of your long lost sisters named Avon. In a strange twist, the young girl your stepmother thought looked strangely similar to you and your other sister at the time ends up in the very same training class at the call center as you; therefore giving you a chance to get to know her a bit.

When your father and stepmother lived in a trailer park near Filer, Idaho, your stepmother noticed a little girl roughly the same age as you who looked almost like a twin. In getting to know Avon, you find out that she still lives in the same trailer park and finds out later that the person she thought was her biological father wasn't the case. There is another interesting coincidence that I discovered, Avon is the granddaughter of the judge that put your father into prison.

Unfortunately, since your father would never own up to any more kids, to avoid losing any more pennies he barely earns working inside the penitentiary, getting a DNA test to confirm the suspicions will be unlikely. You would need a sample of your father's DNA to conduct the analysis since you and Avon would be half-siblings and might not have enough of a match to determine relation accurately. It's bad enough that you already found another sister just by having your seat switched around in Math class your freshman year.

But it doesn't matter, neither of the three (there is one more out there) sisters you found stay in your life for long, which means that you won't get to meet your nieces and nephews. You also don't last long at the call center, having been fired for

continually hanging up on customers. But in the long run, you managed to say on long enough to get the rest of your China trip paid off, so that's good.

You probably expect a bit of a lecture about getting canned from the first job you had. Truthfully, I don't care enough to go too much into detail about it, but one thing you do need to work on is that anxiety. Having to ride around in the bus systems to get to work and BARELY making it on time, let alone coming in late on several occasions, was setting you on edge. Which seems weird cause we could take on things that go bump in the night without any hesitation, but dealing with the living sets us off.

Oh well. If it wasn't meant to be, it wasn't meant to be. You still get to check out CHINA! I'll try to make sure the next letter I send gets to you just after you get back; you'll need it.

With Love, You

PROOF

MADE IN CHINA

Dear Kota, age affected 19

If I timed this just right then, you're just getting back from your big China trip. An opportunity that your old high school psychology teacher puts together every year for the students to get a chance to grow beyond their limits. In an idea to find an excuse to travel to exotic destinations for free, the potential adventures that come together by him putting together these groups are fantastic. Getting to see the overall change in the kids for the better was perhaps one of the most amazing sights out there.

In China, you felt some of this emotion for the very first time, and you're probably still a bit of a mess at the moment. You even go to record an episode on your radio show that people could not understand what you're saying because of how you feel in the moment making you blubber like you witnessed the death of someone close to you. I'm not going to judge; I remember how shitty you feel. Remembering what happened Xi'an, and how long it took us to bounce back from that incident, no one can judge you.

But I cannot bad-mouth China at all; despite the pollution, the areas you visited were beautiful, the locals were amiable, the culture and history were vast, and getting to wake up in such a place physically just seemed mind-blowing. Perhaps it was a good thing that you got to go with a group of friends you haven't met yet; it gave you a chance to build a Travel Family. A few of those faces are going to reemerge on future trips as well, which makes it all that more meaningful.

Having the opportunity to start shedding the shell you've built up over the years by going halfway around the world almost makes the nasty food poisoning incident worth it (and kind of puts the American medical system into a better perspective), doesn't it? It helped open your eyes to what can be possible if you set your mind to something and work hard. I mean seriously dude, did you believe me when I said you were going to get to do this? Did you? Most likely not.

Cherish the moments you see here. The family that helped keep an eye on you during the food poisoning incident in Xi'an accepted you without little regard to who you were. Had you not been wearing the shirt your teacher designed they wouldn't have had any clue you were there to help on the trip. Naturally, they looked to you to help keep an eye on everybody once they saw how big you are, but that is a fair enough contribution.

This trip was the first time you realized dominoes are falling in your favor to build a much more fabulous life. While this trip took hard work, a little heartache, the nerves of getting a passport and visa, and a slight near-death experience of having to stay in an intensely under-prepared hospital in China (and the creep who was filming us on his camcorder) it was worth it. The feeling of excitement and adventure becomes almost addicting. Don't ever lose the motivation to go for another extraordinary adventure, and there will never be a shortage of them. Some will be good, some will be terrible, but all of them will be meaningful in more ways than we can describe.

We have come a long way.

With Love, You

RETAIL SLAVERY

Dear Kota, ages affected 19-22

Well, you went from being avid explorers in far-off lands to slaving away at a big-box retailer that is known for promoting hostile working environments. I think it is best that we don't specify the store's name, for many of the same reasons that mentioning our earlier call center job, but those who read the stories will most likely catch on to what retail chain you are talking about if they pay attention.

Shortly after moving out of "ghetto hell" and roughly a month after coming back from China, your grandma helps you land a job in the deli department at a retail store. Of course she states that because the deli was one of the highest paying departments, you'd be better off and unfortunately in many cases she was right. When there were major store events you could easily skip out on them, the pay was halfway decent, and there was always a shot for you to get off work just in time to freshen up for a hot date. And even though you don't get days off till the middle of the week, at least you can go out and have some fun while the city is practically empty from everyone being at work.

Honestly, I'd hate to cause any discouragement but with this place you really need to watch your back. As mean as it may sound the target marketing for this particular store tends to aim towards the lower ends of society, therefore it tends to attract some "undesirables." Dude, within a few months your deli is going to be targeted for a robbery but the second they see you they change their mind.

But that is not going to be all, oh how I wish it was. There will be issues that arise from people trying to cover their trails, things going missing, people suddenly targeting you because you try to help them, and occasionally things that spur from your own negative emotions. It gets to be a little too much, and you really can't take it. Don't start acting tough, you know it gets to be a little much.

Dakota, dude, your anger issues will start to manifest physical ailments. And your habits of not letting things go will carry over and you will end up taking it out on people who are completely undeserving of that rage. A couple retired war vets that you work with help sort a few things and get the idiot managers to back off when they try to can you for making them look bad, and if anything they were the highlights of what will be almost four years of retail slavery.

Yes, four years. But think of it like this, your time will be the hard labor to fund some of the more exciting ventures in your life. This will be the backbone that helps you put together your side jobs, invest in a few start-ups, fund your side of future trips, and get the supplies to personally design surprise gifts for someone very important. Sometimes we have to shovel shit for a bit before we find gold, my friend, so hang in there.

With Love, You

P.S. Don't worry, you'll make friends with some funny dudes that'll help you cool off on the bad days

LEGION IN HOLLYWOOD FILM

Dear Kota, age affected 20

You know... out of all of the events that have taken place throughout our lifetime THIS is perhaps one of the ones the general public has a harder time believing. They'll believe the battles with demonic gods, being resurrected by an archangel, fighting off possession, even that you were versed well enough in forensic and law enforcement procedures to catch the attention of the Feds (events coming soon my friend) but not this. The people don't believe that you managed to help start several businesses, even breaking into the Hollywood scene. But you know what? Screw. Them.

I always believed the only difference between bravery and stupidity lies within the outcome. If the risk was successful, then it is bravery if failed, then it was stupid. And brother, this was a WIN! Even though it is merely a stockholder investment you own, and you don't own enough shares for total control, most of the films being made by the studios so far have been successful.

The plan for both of these companies was to create a democratic approach to film-making, giving fans who participate influence over how projects are done. At the time of writing this, only one of the studios is up and running, quickly gaining the attention of many of your favorite celebrities. Dude, we get to (kinda) team up with members of Marvel's *Avengers* and DC Comic's *Justice League* on top of several of your favorite celebrities! The goofy little kid in you that dreamed of being able to do these kinds of things is practically having an

aneurysm just from the sheer shock of it all unfolding. Plus, this opens up a few more doors for better financial security AND collaborations down the road.

Do all the projects that you work on become big successes? No. Do all of the investments you make pan out? Nope. Are there talks that start for side deals to expand your efforts further? Oh, yes. Do they all work out? A good majority so far have not.

Aside from collaborating with some of your favorite actors, you also get opportunities to join in with some famous faces within the paranormal field as well. Unfortunately, not all of them pan out, but that is okay. When it comes to this side of your operation, you will have more losses than wins, but that is all part of the grand scheme of things. The only thing that can be done at this point is to keep going against all opposition.

Being able to do these kinds of creative projects has been the ultimate release for your emotions, so use your hard to charge after it, my friend. Take the time you have without a wife and kids to do more crazy and potentially stupid stuff. That way if something goes wrong, you are the only one it affects!

More adventures are coming soon, and more faces than ever before will join the masses of people you helped influence. Screw the formats of taking to social media to spread your message, with a little imagination what is told about us is akin to various gods from mythology. Let that only be a reminder of your potential, rather than allow for it to go to your head and you start acting like an egotistical prick. Let your reputation and skill speak for themselves, stay humble and kind, and that alone will help build an even more amazing life.

With Love, You

PROOF

THE BOUNTY HUNTER

Dear Kota, ages affected 19-21

As tragedy seems to befall you and your friends, you decide to take matters into your own hands to help bring people to justice. You felt in your heart more could be done to help these people, more could have been done to prevent the murders, or at the very least more could be done to avoid further causalities. Thankfully you met Mr. Castle, a former Navy Seal and retired police sergeant, who earns extra cash through his private investigation practice.

Thinking that he was just some old dude that was striking up a conversation as you were sitting in a restaurant, you end up spilling the details about the case; which left you to placing flowers on your friend's grave she now shares with her mother. Of course, you had to leave out that your friend came to you after she died to thank you for helping pay for her funeral, but the skills Mr. Castle teaches you to become valuable.

He is the force that teaches you how to play superhero and go by the book so all your findings can be used in court. He also shows you a few tricks to provide enough evidence upfront to where most judges don't even bother with trying to bring you in. He also, when you reach 21, helps you get your own badge.

But I'm starting to get caught up again. It is noble that you want to help people and even more so that you took the time to better your skills to do so. While Mr. Castle's teachings in dealing with nearly every worst-case scenario help you enhance

your already established knowledge of criminology he also enables you to create a five-tier risk evaluation process for violent incidents; essentially a way to measure how quickly a situation can turn for the worst. The first step or I guess the initial template, was to build a risk evaluation for suicidal subjects then expand as your insight grows.

All of this will come handy very soon. I wish by me sending these letters I could change what is coming, but it never seems to be enough. More people are going to die at a very high rate; some by cancer, some by murder, some by accident, and others happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Remember how you felt when your contacts in Japan disappeared after the tsunami? There are going to be more widespread disasters, both natural and man-made, that at least attempt to take the lives of people you care about. One is coming very soon.

Even though it hurts, this was the risk we took by getting involved so personally. Ghost hunting may have provided a unique window for you to look into the essence of others, but this will put you right next to someone who is facing some of their worst nightmares. Stand firm and learn to separate yourself from the chaos as much as possible before it wraps you in.

You'll see what I mean soon enough; the next big hit is coming out of Washington D.C.

With Love, You

SAVING HER

Dear Kota, age 19-22

Alfred Lord Tennyson once wrote, *"Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."* The entry to this letter may sound like the opening to an episode of CBS' *Criminal Minds*, hell this entire incident sounds like an episode from crime-time television. But, this famous saying was, unfortunately, what happened in near-perfect detail.

Perhaps what wrapped you into this event was not of steady thought but rather a craving for passions of the flesh. Your better nature let you down this inescapable rabbit hole, only to be retrieved after the toxic grounds had shattered the treasures below. Maybe she wasn't meant to be with us in the long run, maybe there was a reason she was taken, but even with some of the "highest powers" at your side you can't help but feel utterly useless. With the things she said about moving on should something happen to her, even though she occasionally visits to help you out on your cases, her loss will always weigh heavy.

Tori was perhaps the closest to being the type of woman you always fantasized about being with when it came to her overall personality. She was intelligent, thoughtful, understanding, strong-willed, and humble. Fleeing from an abusive relationship, you and her managed to cross paths online and quickly bonded over your mutual interests. You told her about you working as a bounty hunter, and she didn't run off as others have. She also revealed that she wanted to pursue a career in the FBI. She was the closest thing to perfection you

knew, absolutely out of your league. But, under the circumstance the relationship itself had to be with conditions.

Tori was trying to escape her abusive ex, who was the father of her unborn baby girl. Because of how petrified she was, there were chokeholds in place to help her feel safe. Even when she came out to visit, you had to seal everything as if your life depended on it. As illustrious and intimate as those few days were, it made you start to contemplate what it would take to step up as a father.

But by the time things start to look serious, by the time you propose to her, her life gets taken from her by someone she once trusted. According to reports she put up a good fight, but dealing with a raging meth head was too much for her. The baby did not make it. Yes, Tori's ex and the biological father of the baby killed her before being gun down by responding officers. She was gone before they arrived.

Because she kept you a secret from her family, fearing that someone close to her was acting as his spy, no one on that side of the family knew about you until almost two years later. Tori kept journals of her life and kept your contact information hidden in them. Tori's sister was the one who kept them as souvenirs, eventually opening them to find that her sister was seeing someone new. She finally reached out to show you what Tori wrote, which was perhaps one of the most uplifting things you felt knowing that you gave her hope.

But, it wasn't love that made you do it, at least not the fairy tale variety. You liked her as a person, don't get me wrong. You valued her insights on life and the inspiration she left for you to keep going. I mean to this day she still visits with her little girl to help you when you need a supernatural assist, so it is obvious she valued you as a person

as well. But even she had to admit that what was going on between you two wasn't romantic love, rather that of a deep friendship between two kindred spirits. She was meant to come into your life to teach you a lesson before she died.

As for what that lesson was, I think I finally start to understand it. Ironically it is the same lesson that comes from another young lady who... well let's say might be the one you've been looking for all this time. The experience is to live life as true to your heart as possible. If you see someone in need, help where you can. If you see an opportunity to make something happen, take it. If you find yourself opening up a little more space in your heart for someone than make it comfortable, be who it is you want to be. Be the type of man your future daughter and wife can be proud of, whenever they decide to show up finally.

Remember that as best as you can, my friend.

With Love, You

FRENCH LIASONS AND HOT ITALIAN NIGHTS

Dear Kota, age affected 19

Another trip abroad to places we never thought we'd get to see is in the books, and it was a fun one. This round, you decided to go without the kids from the China trip, and it was honestly for the best considering your state of mind. It's been a few months since Tori died and you start to contemplate moving on. Perhaps a trip in some far off country will help get your mind off of things, right? Well, maybe not.

When you arrive in Paris, the area is still tense from the terrorist attacks there and in Brussels. You can feel everyone on edge the second you get on the plane in Seattle, as you overheard the flight attendants talk about how several flights were rerouted in response. Your first night in town the locals lit up the Eiffel Tower in the colors of the Belgian flag to support those affected by the attack. People were scared and just trying to get back to their everyday lives.

But a surprise was waiting for you wasn't it? You caught the eye of a gorgeous French woman, Serene, and hit it off with her rather quickly. You two have a nice dinner, discussing a few common interests and living a sort of celebrity reputation. The next thing you both know is that you are in your hotel room drowning out the noise of Parisian nightlife with a symphony of sins of the flesh and the animal rhythm of two hearts fueling a night of pure desire. Much like our talents with writing and

the piano, we were able to excel the expectations of Ms. Right Now with very little knowledge. I know it isn't right to kiss and tell, especially since you were going to Vatican City of all places within the next couple days, but this was a critical moment.

The remainder of the night, in the moments where you both just lied in bed, your head starts to wonder how to move forward. Was this just a random fling or just a casual venture you both thought of since it was your last night in town? You were both consenting adults, and not in any significant relationship, so there was nothing wrong with what happened. You met a lovely woman, had a little bit to drink, and ended up genuinely experiencing a woman for the first time.

Don't sweat the fact you were already nineteen by the time it happened, nearly everyone who knows your story gets why you were trying to wait it out. Father issues aside, you still knew that being a young parent was not going to be easy and you would most likely produce bigger kids that could very well cause even more difficulties than what was already expected.

You were just over twelves pounds, and the one half-sister that came from that same gene crop was born about a month early and already weighed almost eleven pounds. That being said, you wanting to be careful and make sure that you could at least maintain a healthy friendship with the woman that carries your child makes this worth the wait.

Why do I bring this up? Well, dude, Serene is going to find you online in a few months to deliver some news. While you are still coming off of the excitement of learning some tricks from Vatican City itself and getting to sing with Tenors in Rome all because you had a few too many, making your singing voice significantly better, Serene has learned she

may be carrying your child.

Don't panic, yet. While Serene is at the doctor, she learns the home pregnancy test was a false positive. I'll leave it at that, but let's say from this we learned it is best to advise any woman who confides in you about being pregnant to have a doctor run a test to verify the results.

But this is what I wanted to talk about. You tried to keep this news to yourself until you and Serene knew for sure, but it was so heavy on you that you had to spill. Some jokes will get tossed around, including condoms in your Christmas stocking this year, but a moment of weakness almost put you into a situation where everyone involved was not going to see life the same way. In some ways that might be beneficial, but when you sit back and think about it only more harm than good could've come from it had she been pregnant.

Let this be a reminder, as I know you would do your best to do the right thing, but if you have to alter your life for someone, make sure they are worth that sacrifice. Serene was never the one you were supposed to be with, but maybe she was a lesson. A lesson that helps you decide what your priorities are. Just sit back for a bit and think about it, okay? This trip was one to remember, as Paris was ready to remind you of what your life could be like if you didn't hold off on potentially bringing kids into the world. But Rome was also a reminder of the kind of life you could live if you just took your time and explored yourself more.

With Love, You

P.S. I almost forgot to mention this, but the Paris and Rome trip may have been a heads up for what is about to come. Another woman that piques your interest is going to go through some personal matters, and you are already letting yourself get a little too personally involved. An upcoming letter will most likely go into it, as you have already been too stubborn to not listen to the warnings.

PROOF

BROTHERS OF MIDNIGHT

Dear Kota, age affected 19

It must go without saying that this case should be kept under lock-and-key until we can determine for utmost certainty that it is safe to release this information. In one of my previous letters, I left a warning about a group known as the "Brothers of Midnight." I, intentionally, did not leave any further details as the implications of doing so could have stirred up even more trouble but now that you have officially faced off against them I have no choice but to divulge everything that I know.

The client from the house where the body was found in the sealed-off well in the basement, one of her nephews is involved in cult-related activities. Due to the energies of the house, and the client's cycle of prison stays, he and his so-called "friends" have tried to practice black magics in order to give themselves personal boosts to their dream lives; rap careers, sexual activities, hexes, you name it. As much as I really wish that these descriptions were just the exaggerations of some devout bible-thumper, these "gentlemen" utilize animal sacrifices. By the time we get involved, they try graduating to human sacrifices.

A guy we worked with at the call-center is involved, and he was the one who allowed his own fiance to be chosen that night as the offering. He and his four little "compadres" stripped her down, raped her, and started their chants as they prepared to kill her while she was still under the influence of the drugs that were in her system. It was in the fighting and the bullets flying that make you realize

the nagging notion of putting the house on watch were justified.

Whether it was one of the spirits attached to you dropping the hint, or your intuition reading into the vibrations in the area, you knew that something else was going to happen. You did everything you had to do to get her the hell out of there, because a familiar face was being summoned. These idiots were trying to sacrifice an innocent woman to Naberius, thinking it would make them smarter and boost their non-existent rap careers.

We had to do everything in our power to get her the hell out of that house. Police was involved, but the cult got away and cleaned up before they could get to the scene. Sarah, the fiance, was too scared to try fighting back or to even press charges despite our best efforts to convince her.

Unfortunately, there wasn't much we could do to convince her in the first place but we still need to get her to safety; leaving us with getting her to a safe motel for the night, set her up with about a week's worth of supplies, and WiFi-enabled phone for her to call when she needed, and get her on the next available bus home.

I know it seemed a little embarrassing shopping for women's clothing, especially for a girl you only knew in passing. Sarah needed you to step up like, clearly, very few ever would. “The Brothers” will likely try harming her again, if not to just limit themselves to stalking in order to keep her quiet. I, myself, have linked at least two more incidents to them which actually helped lead to the capture of four of the members. They try killing more innocent girls but the ladies put up enough of a fight to get help. One member is still out there, somewhere. Though honestly, I pray that our intervention scared him straight as he was the

weakest member, the one most likely to break free of the pack.

I know there are probably a couple questions you have, mostly pertaining to why I chose the name and a status update on Sarah. “The Brothers of Midnight,” is not an official name they go by, but rather a song they had listed detailing a [similar sacrifice to the one they attempted on their planned album. As for Sarah, she is doing her best to cope with what she experienced. You probably remember how spooked she was we had to give her the talk, the ever so difficult “Yes-Ghosts-Are-Real,” talk. Which, honestly, gets to be just as awkward as the sex talk in some cases without the escape some parents take of relying on schools to do it.

But she'll pull through this, I have good faith. She has the added benefit of being able to blame the things she saw that night on the drugs she was pumped with. You know that something was there, those idiots managed to lure the attention f some form of negative spirit. A brief cleansing of the house was able to clear it out, so at worst it was the demonic equivalent of a mosquito. We are much stronger than anything “The Brothers” could muster, but don't let that boost your ego too much. There are always stronger foes in the horizon who are looking to take you down. You'll see what I mean soon enough.

With Love, You

FIND OUT WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE

Dear Kota, ages affected 19-21

The actual colors of those around you in work start to show, and they are dark. It feels like nearly everyone aware of the situation is turning against you to protect the truly guilty party. Even the managers of the place are doing what they can to not make them look bad, by going as far as to tell you NOT to call the police on the matters. All of this stirs up because you tried helping out someone you thought was a friend.

Initially, I was going to write this as three separate letters, but due to the number of similarities between each situation, I thought it would be best to pile them all together. Of course, this runs the risk of being off in my timing, but the lessons remain the same. The thefts, the threats to life, the vandalism, the overabundance of alcohol lead to some real toxic types are flourishing, and they don't take too kindly to being called out. Yes, this will be some of the things I hinted at in the "RETAIL SLAVERY" letter I sent you a few years back.

The chaos will start with you getting too emotionally attached to a friend you wanted to help get through a divorce, then the tires on your car get slashed because you called out someone who was about to get himself into a vicious cycle, later on, your supervisor at the time goes through a divorce and develops an alcohol dependence that spirals, and last it will seem like nearly every other person in the store will get fired and charged for theft. The guy

that had the pot dealer slash your tires ended up getting charged with at least five felony counts.

During all of these incidents, some people tried to warn you to tread lightly. Granted, for most of them, you are roughly the same age as their kids and grandkids so that is why they felt like they should say something to you about the mess you were getting in. They explicitly said that was the case. A few apologies even come in order once you see what's going on behind the scenes, but it starts to make you feel a bit unwelcome. A whole world is out there, literally knocking at your door daily, so why the hell would you put up with it?

Perhaps some of it could've been prevented; maybe we could've been more sensitive about the subjects at hand. I get why you chose to react the way you did, believe me, I do. You hate seeing people get hurt when something could be done to stop it, and you've never been one to go down easy. When the kind, supporting friend didn't seem like enough to make a difference, and the chaos seemed to spiral further, it felt like it was time to step up to face the action. But no matter what it was you did, it seemed to escalate things further.

On some level, I've come to realize that a good portion of what influenced events to turn for the worse was the level of force you applied. While to you, it might not have seemed like much; others might perceive it as much harsher. To put it into perspective, think about it like this; you would likely not feel as nervous about having a dog run up to you as you would a grizzly bear.

Even if the bear was docile by nature, if it were to run towards you out of a moment of excitement, it could easily hurt you without meaning to do so. We have to be careful about how we exert our strengths in these situations because the wrong

people might get pushed aside or hurt even worse than they already are.

Some might even say that this can be interpreted as a sign that not everyone is worth saving, some people prefer to be involved in that type of lifestyle, and you shouldn't try to intervene. I don't believe that is necessarily the case. Every soul is worth to a least try to help, even if the odds aren't in your favor, and that stands for any and every medium that help is to manifest. However, the truth is some people genuinely don't want to improve their situation, and you trying to intervene will only make them retaliate.

Try to do your best to learn how to better filter certain people to avoid these things in the future. You can probably say karma came for some of them since as I mentioned earlier, they get busted for stealing, but it wouldn't be right to celebrate about that. You have to move on to the next case and keep going against all the odds.

With Love, You

X CONNECTION

Dear Kota, age affected 19

This letter might seem a little different from others, as it focuses more on the influence of a film rather than a major life event. As we're planning the last preparations for our next big trot through Thailand, we decided to catch a movie that would be the last outing of the our favorite superhero. *Logan* turned out to be an impressively done film, living up to the reviews that stated it was similar in tone to an old western.

I won't waste space going over the plot of the film, it needs no introduction. However, as the central character of Wolverine is one we have connected and related to more so than others, it surprisingly left us with much to think about in the coming days. I don't mean just with Thailand but with everything down the road. Like us; the character was born out of violence and had some sort of supernatural way of bouncing back no matter what life had thrown at them.

We all were atoned to violence, had to learn how to be able to let others in rather than fight our way through everything, and were pretty much perpetual loners because most people can't handle the "seen some shit," vibes we give off. Yes, channeling Wolverine helped out when we got into fights and the whole mysterious parts of our personality helped get the attention of a few pretty ladies but we are more than that.

In *Logan,* the titular character ends up on one last mission that ends up taking his life. Stories of

his past actions are what lead to someone tracking him down in order to help free others who faced similar upbringings, right as the illnesses caused by his past are catching up to him. It is also when he learns that he has a daughter somewhere out in the world, and ends up dying.

The things that made him who he is, the life he lead, deteriorated his very body to the point his unnatural healing abilities could no longer keep up. If you really look at it there are only two major differences between us is that we are real, and the source of our abilities either originated or were a result of dealing with the supernatural. Not that he hadn't faced off against similar spooks to us in his lifetime, but that's another story.

Part of our wanting to see this film was that it was one of the few big pictures we had a chance to join, but due to extenuating circumstances we could not make it to the filming location in time. However upon leaving the theater we can say that we now have more to think about, instead of just admiration for the character. It gives us a reason to think about the type of man we can become. Kota, we have the temper and drive to beat down gods.

Guys like us can't ever walk away from this life. Even if we manage to get married and have a couple kids, they'll likely be just like us. The insanity will haunt them. They will be forced into situations that can determine whether or not the people involved will get to go home.

How do I know? Well, just look at our patterns so far. Everyone who sticks around us will have a few messed up stories of their own. Just look at Mr Castle and a few other combat vets in our life, they're the only people that really seem to get it. Had we not had issues with our gall bladder and pancreas, even they believe we could've made badass

soldiers.

But we have our own callings, that will soon get us back into international attention. Be that as it may, we are still going to need the version of *Logan* our head created in order to cope with it all. We will have to go down swinging. As we go along and have a few more people in our life to care about the urge to make sure they are safe will continue to grow. Remember that it is okay to feel that way but try your best not to let it get out of control, it might make some people uncomfortable. Perhaps in time, we won't have to filter who we are.

As for Thailand you will need to keep your guard up. Some of the areas you visit are known spots for international sex traffickers to scope out potential victims, and a few of the young ladies you'll be traveling with will turn out to be quite pretty as they get older. I'm not saying that to be a creep, just continue to be the goofy big brother of the group and everything will be okay. Let them know they can trust you should they need someone, that the door is open when they need it. Remember my advice from earlier and you'll be alright. Thailand was perhaps the most fun out of all our trips, so savor every moment you get

With Love, You

P.S. Don't get too excited when you're around the kids in the resort you all stay at... it will end up with a broken tailbone. Figures that our first broken bone just HAD to be our ass, huh? Oh well, it was a fun ride.

DIVINITY DEFINED AND DEFENSES

Dear Kota, age affected 21

As it seems like the information gathered via "usual" ghost hunting methods seems to lead to repetitive random encounters, you decide to look into even more profound aspects of the occult. Witchcraft, divination, angel and demon summonings, shamanism, induction of psychic abilities... you name it we've looked into it. I mean, why not?

According to what I've dug up nearly both sides of our family history possessed (at least) rumors of every example of psychic ability and our research has shown there might be a genetic influence; so we might be a perfect test subject. Father Jacob recognized you had special skills at a young age, so it is worth a shot.

But to understand what systems might work for us, we have to really understand our foundations first. What is it that makes up our unique marker and what methods best work for you? These are the questions that need to be solved before you try to rewrite the supernatural rule-book, my friend.

Various sources preach that each person's strengths and potential varies, so no two cases will ever be the same. This is the truth to some extent. However, the logic is flawed. Every person is slightly different and will need something different to help them get into the right state, but the results are always the same.

You'll need to read into it a bit more on your own, but I've come to the conclusion a majority of religions/mythologies/faiths seem to point to the same ideals. The Great Flood mentioned in the Christian bible is documented back in Sumerian times. The Norse god Odin is linked with the Greek god Hermes. There are images of Jesus Christ-esque figures being shown across various and unrelated cultures, even some theories spreading that he learned some of his miracles during the time he spent as a Buddhist monk. St Michael the Archangel potentially is another "form" of the thunder god, Thor, from Norse mythology. These are just a few examples that come to mind at the moment, but much more is out there.

To keep this letter somewhat short I'll jump right ahead and tell you some of the names you should research since they seem to work the best for you. Find out as much as you can on John Dee, Edward Kelley, Aleister Crowley, Michel de Nostredame, and Richard Cavendish; these gentlemen perhaps already have laid the groundwork for the mission we try to accomplish. John Dee and Edward Kelley managed to uncover the Enochian language, allegedly the native tongue of the angel. Aleister Crowley studied and practiced several forms of magic, created his religious system, and helped published many works. Nostredame is Nostradamus' native name spelling, and his work practically doesn't need any introduction. Cavendish's "The Black Arts," actually details how people associated the elements with the supernatural. Find a way to put all these together.

Do you see where I am going with this? Since our story keeps hinting at something much bigger going down than just people sticking around after they pass on, this might be the only way to start understanding why or even how you've been able to do the things you do. By looking into these things even further, you might help make the connections with how

so-called higher dimensions might be the cause of paranormal activity. Some of our contacts in the mainstream scientific community might be a little skeptical about the ideas I'm about to pass on to you, but even they have to admit there might be something to it. The main problem is to find ways to test it. Let me show you what I mean.

Many mathematical theories (usually labeled under String or Superstring theory) suggest the overall universe is made up of many more dimensions than the four every creature on this planet experiences; which can often be labeled as longitude, latitude, altitude, and time. These are the four we can measure in some form or another.

By the time you get to the fifth dimension or higher is where the ideas of parallel worlds, universes, and realities come into play. Some equations top out at a total of ten dimensions, some say twelve in the highest you can go where mainly anything goes; the calculations to back these statements would probably be so intricate an advanced AI might have a hard time trying to sort it out. The most straightforward visualization I can share is through squares. The first dimension is simply a line, the second a square, and the third is a cube, etc...

The main thing to remember is how each dimension forms a shape. A cube's sides are made of squares, right? Well, a four-dimensional tesseract's sides are made of cubes. Trying to visualize anything in four dimensions or higher gives even the most brilliant minds a headache, so you will most definitely have to find a way to dumb things down. A film titled *Interstellar* used this to explain how a black hole is actually a sphere. The universe we observe is believed to be four-dimensional, with the fourth dimension being time, and a black hole is thought of a cosmic sinkhole. If a hole is a circle

sitting on a three-dimensional surface, what is a hole going to look like in 3D?

A sphere.

You're a smart guy, so I know you already see my train of thought, but stick with me as there is much more to it. Say, for example, there was a creature that was only two-dimensional is walking along minding its business. Say you were to see this thing and wanted to try getting its attention, so you stick your hand in front of it. Will "Mr 2D" (as we'll call it) see it? Yes, but not entirely. Because this creature is only two-dimensional, it can only see what would be directly in front of it.

The entire world it observes looks completely flat to us. So if you were to stick your hand directly in front of it "Mr 2D" will only see a weird, floating, morphing shape blocking its path. Take into consideration how light, heat, and sound move; "Mr 2D" might experience odd fluctuations in all of these areas as well. Tell me, what do most paranormal reports consist of? Mostly weird lights, unexplained temperature fluctuations, strange shadows, weird noises, and entities that somehow change shape when they manifest, right? If the human soul is somehow a construct of light and somehow ends up in a higher dimension, it stands to reason that this is the cause!

Explanations of Superstring Theory, like the ones I went into earlier in this letter state what each dimensional space would be made of, like the square of the cube. So under the analogy that our world, our universe even, being represented as cubes that make up the sides of a tesseract... what else is in there? What if there is a chance there are more worlds that exist in these higher planes? What are the chances that "realms" such as Heaven, Hell, Asgard, Nirvana, Valhalla, the Astral Plane, and so

on are in these higher dimensions? In these higher dimensional worlds, would time flow differently since it has more directions to move out to? What if, by some chance, the things we observe as psychic powers or ritualistic magic come from an under-realized ability to be able to shape reality just off of our will alone? What if reincarnation is nothing more than the label for the soul traversing through the dimensions and evolving, or maybe it is just a cosmic recycling service?

It also leaves open the potential explanation for the so-called "lack of evidence" within mainstream science is because no one can manage to figure out how to physically test these theories. People think you are joking when you say that it is going to take people dying and somehow come back to prove these things, unfortunately it is not and if I am right at all about any of this than even that is nearly impossible (statistically we're looking at a less than one percent of a one percent of a one percent chance until further developments are made). There are some indications that the soul may not return to the same Earth if a spirit is to be reincarnated, but rather a parallel one since light particles have been known to do some "spooky" things.

You'll have to go through this information on your own and hopefully find better answers. Our wide approach into trying to study nearly every aspect of the supernatural unfortunately leaves a lot of overlap; extraterrestrial contact, for example, seems to also fit under the ideas I have talked about in this letter (there are declassified files straight from the FBI that came to the same conclusions). Dee, Kelley, Crowley, and Cavendish serve as inspiration for us to build our practices but much more is to be done before we can present a good case. Several respected figures have at least entertained these ideas openly, so you're not the only one making these connections. But much more work can and will need to

be done, so get to it.

Maybe by then, we won't need to die or lose someone close to us, to travel to these different realms.

Until then, my friend, keep doing what it is we do best.

With Love, You

PROOF

THE ETERNAL MOONLIGHT JEWEL

Dear Kota, ages affected 21-23

This... this woman caught you by surprise, didn't she? It would be useless to try saying otherwise, she managed to get deeper in your heart more than anyone else with little effort. At first, you try to use your typical moves to keep her attention, but it didn't seem like enough to show what she meant to you. If you thought your head was in the clouds when the crazy projects you put work into manage to come together, wait until she comes.

If it can come close to the true measure of enlightenment this beautiful soul brings into your life than it should come as no surprise that this is one of the most extensive letters I sent you all these years. The length is partly because I want to make sure I include everything, so bits of this may seem a little confusing at first until further developments come up.

Anyways, after meeting on an anonymous discussion app, you two manage to discover that you lead very similar lives. If I am to be completely honest, the fact that she doesn't steer away when you hint at some messed up things are taking place was concerning. It's clear she has taken on many problems herself but doesn't open up right away until she knew she could trust you. In time she does open up and to show fairness you tell her a few of your own stories to help her see that you have the potential to understand her position on matters more than most people.

Overall, while this does tend to allow too much of an emotional attachment, being able to level yourself with the people involved gaining a certain level of trust that only the closest of friends may have. To what seems to be miraculous to onlookers, she begins to trust you more than anyone else ever has before. Maybe that was what helped you fall so deep. Even as I am writing this letter to you, the same feelings that I felt when I was in your shoes are coming to the surface.

Part of me wants to divulge more to analyze the situation, out of respect for her; it is for the best that I do not. The information she shared with you is personal, matters that shouldn't be broadcast into the world unless she specifically chooses to do so.

You might try to discredit the significance of this by placing it with all the cases you kept quiet because of your code-of-conduct, but this isn't a case. This isn't a situation where you can swoop in and save the day; this is something much more. This woman is someone you fell in love with, and despite all of your childish efforts to find something wrong to keep yourself from getting hurt, it is obvious she cares about you too.

So why do we do it? Perhaps it is out of fear that you don't deserve having someone so inspirational in your life. Maybe it was the over thousand miles distance between you two that lead to some strain. As if relationships don't already have odds against you, there are factors at play that make it that much more of a risk. But there is a reason why they say "high risk, high reward," right? Pull through this, and you might have one of the most amazing individuals in this world be there for you till then end. It sounds too good to be true, I know. But, as with all good relationships, a little conflict is inevitable.

There will come a time where you don't act your very best with her. Certain things come up that puts everyone on edge, and maybe everyone didn't handle the situations well. This leads to a falling out, and eventually you both part ways because of it. She sticks with you when your great grandmother on your father's side, still offered to be there if you ever needed someone to talk to, but it only hurt too much to stay in contact.

It hurts bad enough to make the people who know you the longest worry that you were going to kill yourself. I'm still not sure if they knew about the situation with the archangel or if it was solely because the memory of your cousin attempting to end his own life was so fresh, but the worry was genuine. Jewel got to you on such intense levels that it hurt worse than anything you ever been through at the point. I would say it hurt worse than the day your grandfather passed away. That being the case, you need to do everything you need to do to let go of the emotions building up inside you.

Scream, yell, smash, let it all out of your system before you show any physical damage from the level of emotion your heart is carrying. I have to say this because we don't just get skin hives when stressed, but a condition known as Bell's Palsy runs in the family, which makes your face look like you're having a stroke. Your mother will have a scare in a few years, on April Fools day of all days, but that isn't important at the moment.

It isn't healthy to carry around that much resentment towards anyone, but it is also just as harmful to not be honest and express your true feelings. I know back in the day you used to be able to repress everything until you had to let it out in one big burst because someone challenged you to a fight; but, ever since you started to travel that's become increasingly more challenging to do. If put

into a situation where there is no other way out then yes, you can still raise hell without question; however, what it is that lies in your heart above all else no longer has walls to keep it in. So I will reiterate, do whatever you have to do to feel better. An actor friend who hears about the situation will tell you the same thing; to allow yourself to feel what your feeling and live life the best way you can.

Catch a funny movie, spend time with family, reach out to old friends you haven't spoken to in years, listen to heavy metal, try things you never tried before, bring back your radio show; do anything and everything it takes to help get your mind off of it. There is not a single person worth destroying yourself over because things didn't work out; not her, not your siblings, not some random TV producer, not your mom, not your grandma, not anyone from your father's side, NO ONE is worth ending your own life in any way.

You still have a chance to make yourself better from this. You still have the potential to make your dreams come true. If there was anything Jewel wanted you to do above anything else, in regards to your well-being, she wanted you to keep living life and heal from everything that has happened to you over the years. If anything, she saw in you the type of man you are meant to become and was trying to help you get there.

But you might be wondering though why you should care if she isn't coming back into your life. Well, honestly if it were that simple than brushing her away would've been the best move. Don't try to start anything up right away when I reveal what is to come, let yourself heal naturally and pretend like you never saw this message. The very fact I am telling you this may change the course of events that you witness, but I am almost sure that in every version of this, the outcome will stay the same. You

know the old saying, "if you love something, set it free/ if it returns than it was meant to be."

Well, Kota, Jewel comes back. She messages you through Facebook to apologize for how things happened. It might take a little bit for you to work up the courage to respond, but truthfully, she above all people deserves forgiveness. Yes, yes, things could've been handled differently, but even you have to admit that you were not the best version of yourself with her. I'll be honest that roughly on your first reading of this letter you might not yet be ready to accept her apology, but you'll come around. Why? Well, I could try to go for a vague answer, but it wouldn't do justice.

Here's what I do know, though. In spite of all my efforts to find someone else, find someone better, and to leave my emotions in the past, I cannot do so.

Though it might seem unlikely, Jewel knows what it is that she wants in life and is trying to do her best to make it happen. Her heart, at times, is so big that her body can barely handle its strength. Her mind is beyond that of the majority, and it shows within just a few moments of talking with her. Her voice an addictive melody. Her laugh warm like the first summer sun after an Arctic winter. Her eyes somehow glitter like starlight in a musical orchestrated by none other than the moon itself.

It is because of these statements I can say that beyond a reasonable doubt if I had to choose anyone to count on, to stick by, and to be with for the rest of my life; my choice would be her. Despite all sense of made-up logic, against all the odds, and in the embrace of the challenges that would lie ahead, I would choose her without any hesitation or regret. As the woman who stands out in the crowd for her individuality, strives to see the beauty in life and others, isn't afraid to speak her mind, and is

one of the most genuine individuals out there; she's simply perfect. She is a real-life Wonder Woman, and through everything that has gone down, I am still crazy about her. I still love and adore her.

So, I guess that leaves me with the advice I should pass on to you in hopes that you turn out better than I did. If she gives you another chance, don't screw it up. Always make time for her. Find every reason to make her smile. Be the open arms she needs if she ever feels down. Don't try to force anything without her being completely on board.

Listen to her on the days she needs to share. Don't ever turn against her. Embrace the good and the bad. Always try to understand her view. Make every little moment count with the best of your ability. Always be honest and make sure to correct whatever wrongs may come. Always forgive. Never stop showing her the love, adoration, and respect she deserves.

Most importantly, never stop finding little ways to make sure she has no reason to ever doubt your undying love to her. I know you want another chance to make things right, just remember she has to be as willing to let you in as you are eager to work. All relationships are two-person decisions.

You might need a smack upside the head from time to time, Kota, but you can be the man your future wife and daughter deserve. Keep making a habit out of the suggestions your therapist gives to heal your mind, and to become a better person, and just maybe by the time she returns you will genuinely be the man she sees in you. But if that doesn't end up being the case, then the only thing we can do is respect her wishes.

Wow. Just writing this out felt like a huge relief off my shoulders.

At this point, the best thing I can recommend is to keep working at what you are building and just let the rest come naturally. The universe has a way of making things work out for the best, even if it seems to take forever for it to happen. For now, it looks like she was the one to teach you the lessons you needed to become a better man. And that is perhaps one of the best things to consider when choosing someone to be with; someone who you can grow and learn from as well as enjoy being around.

Either way, we'll be alright. Big things are coming, my friend. As far as what happened with Jewel, overall, listen to the song "Fortress Around Your Heart," by Sting; even your therapist notices the similarities. Which is ironic, considering the quote that helped you two meet comes from a comic book character who was modeled after him.

Anyway, take note of every lyric. Do so, and keep everything else I mention in mind, and we'll be okay.

With Love, You

P.S. If you go to send her a copy of this book, do yourself a favor and check for errors. She's a bit of a grammar Nazi and will tear into you for it. Not like her opinion will matter anyway, she'll turn on you big time. I initially wanted to get rid of this letter but it is best so that the ones who do matter can understand our mind.

FINDING NESSIE

Dear Kota, ages affected 21-22

You should have your head high right now, my friend, we finally did it! We managed to spot the Loch Ness Monster with our own eyes, and even saw that Nessie wasn't alone! There is more than one creature in the water, and they are huge. Your sighting also lands you in a viral news spotlight right as you are on the plane ride home! Your encounter with the creature even gets you mention on Coast to Coast AM!

Soak up the attention, my friend, because unfortunately, you have to go back to somewhat dull reality. I know that you're not looking forward to leaving under the circumstances. With the fights going on and how you found out that your great-grandmother passed away the exact day you had your eyes glued to the water hoping for some glimpse of Nessie, it's understandable why you wouldn't want to return. Perhaps there is quite a bit we need to cover in this letter after all.

This trip wasn't supposed to happen initially; last year's run through Thailand was supposed to be the final big trip to get out to someplace you never been and have some fun. But when you saw that a journey through Ireland and Scotland included a stop at Loch Ness you just had to go.

This was one of your goals since you first heard about the creature when we were nine. You already had a good idea of who all was going on this trip from your previous runs, so what's better than living your life the best way you know how than to do

it with people you love?

Just like all your other trips, there are individuals you tend to get along better with than other people. There isn't necessarily anything wrong with that, you try to make sure everyone is included in the fun, but naturally, you tend to gravitate towards people with similar mindsets. These people tend to help you see a bit more into yourself, allow you to get a different perspective on life, and give you the motivation to do some crazy things. Maybe it was just because the places you've gone on served as neutral ground so none your guards were up to hold you back. You can feel your emotions as openly and as freely as they come.

Maybe you tried to feel them a little too strongly at times, but that's okay. It is perfectly normal to want to be loved and accepted as the person you are rather than what others want you to be. Your presence was only wanted because of the things you could potentially do because of your height, or the fact word got out you were in talks with television networks.

Nearly everybody from school wanted to be around you because you had a celebrity reputation coming together. Even today, it seems like you and one other person you grew up with were the only ones to go into this kind of life. It makes it hard to know who wants to be there for you as compared to who wants to be a part of the action.

But not this bunch. While they thought it was impressive that you were involved in the things you do; they took the time to get to know you as you are. Not the intimidating giant, not the entrepreneur, but as the goofy, smalltown guy chasing a dream. There isn't much else to top that is there? Having that connection for even just a few moments makes it that much more difficult to want to return home knowing

that the things that tend to bring out the aspects about yourself you wish would die off were lying in wait. Worst off, you feel like you are losing the only people that helped you see things weren't all bad.

You can't help losing your great-grandmother, she got old. But that other person... as much as you want to keep fighting it is time to let go. Even though you don't want to admit it, it's time you two separate for a bit. As I mentioned in my last letter, she eventually comes back around, but it still doesn't take away the pain you're feeling now.

As much as it may suck, a little time apart to reevaluate things won't hurt. Besides, just as a little heads up for you, your Nessie encounter going viral ends up helping bring up some new opportunities. Heck, you'll actually get to make an appearance on a National Geographic documentary series all because of this encounter! The inspiration you get from your EF family also pushes you to look into new opportunities. So really, Kota, can you say that we won't be alright and get this figured out?

As far as your grandmother goes, who is to say that she didn't have a little hand in helping you see Nessie? I guess only time will tell. Your EF family will remain in your social media circles but eventually contact will taper off. They have their own lives to live as you have your own, but they'll still care about where you end up. Enjoy every moment you get to spend with them and the memories you get to share because you know just as well as I do it doesn't take much for them to be taken away.

Keep going with the adventures, always find something new to explore. Remember that love, laughter, music, and adventure are what life is really about. The type of guy you become from these experiences is who you are truly meant to be.

With Love, You

PROOF

EXPERIMENT: DOLL FACE

Dear Kota, age affected 22

As part of our freelance research, we start to come into possession of potentially haunted items; a couple of old dolls and a dybbuk box. The idea behind this experiment was to see exactly what conditions would be present in the event of an actual possession that could be detected before it was too late.

The majorly accepted symptoms just so happen also to be signs of mental illness. There are a few physical indications that seem like they are impossible to replicate under normal conditions; such as changes in voice and unimaginable levels of physical strength.

Well, as far as the changes in voice, someone can be hit hard enough in the head that they get a new accent. Some people have even reported picking up new talents after a brain injury; whether physical or psychological. This fact in itself is a problem. Because cases of human possession can easily be confused with mental illness, something needs to be done to find a tangible enough thread so the people that end up flying under the religious-dependent radar can receive help.

I am talking about finding a scientifically measurable symptom to something that has happened in a little less than 0.02% of cases I've taken on over the years (this number is based off my overall caseload, not just ones paranormal related). I know I mentioned that in statistically the odds of some of these things would practically be microscopic in comparison, but we also have to acknowledge there may

be things that have yet to be categorized.

I also mentioned in that letter how there might be some environmental anomalies that manifest when "ghostly" things take place. It is these things we need to focus on my friend. It is well documented that when a "haunted object" has an active spirit, the item will usually give off some radiation. In theory, people who have a spiritual attachment should show the same signs.

On these assumptions, studying possession item cases should give us a baseline to better determine an appropriate course of action in the future. That way, we have something more to look for spontaneous combustion, levitation, and things in the room being thrown around.

The dybbuk box, which is basically a small box covered in candle wax, allegedly had a demon trapped inside it but none of our tests indicated there was actually anything attached. Usually, people and animals alike would get uneasy feelings, heavy gut feelings that would indicate danger if there were even residual vibes, but there was nothing. The dolls, however, turned out to be something legitimate. Despite what some people think, not all spirits are evil.

The dolls were inhabited by a mother and young child, who were in no way related. You were able to get them to warm up right off the bat, and others have noticed activity coming from them. The stories behind them were validated with some digging, which does slightly reduce the chance of having a demonic influence. This allowed you to not only read into the signs behind their presence but also figure out a method to get them to cross over.

Be sure to keep your EMF readers charged and your spirit box at hand. All indications hint

strongly that a possessed item will have a strong EMF reading when active.

We're not the only ones that are looking into this phenomena, but just maybe, we can be the ones to solve it (or at least lead the way). You should already have an effective method to cross the spirits inside the dolls over, tweak it to better fit them both, and it should work. It's hard to tell for sure, but you have to go with your gut sometimes until new information comes forward. But your contacts on the other side say everything is working, so keep pushing.

As for finding a human subject... that will come soon enough. When it does, it may be the strongest entity you have ever faced.

With Love, You

P.S. I just realized I might have skipped over something important that you will get to see first hand. You know how certain sicknesses seem to come up because of supernatural influence, sometimes even cancer?

It is a rare finding, often associated as more psychosomatic symptoms from dealing with stressful events, but I may have a new culprit. I don't know about you, but to me, it seems that quite a few of the physical ailments that seem to coincide with “spiritual sicknesses” almost look like some form of radiation poisoning.

I dig into it more in a later letter, one that I was not expecting to have to write if I am going to be completely honest. You'll find out why soon enough...

ROAD TRIP

Dear Kota, age affected 23

It may not have been some grand adventure to some far off lands, but this trip was just about as fulfilling as the rest of them. Instead of a random group of friends to go with the only people tagging along were your mother, your sister, and yourself. Yes, you actually got to see a family road trip besides the one you went on with your grandparents to go see your uncle in Colorado. Honestly, it was one well deserved after the events of the previous year.

From quitting THAT retail store, to having to find a new job to get you back on your feet after you gave a little more money away than you had to help one of the kids you mentored after she got sick, and your brief stint doing freelance work fell through; taking some time away to think things over and plan our next moves is definitely called for by this point.

But on the less serious side of things some of the things we got to do while in Washington and Oregon ended up filling up a few bucket list items that we somehow didn't do during our trips with EF tours. Now our buddies can't give us crap about never going to the beach before! Personally, visiting Seaside Aquarium and getting to feed the seals was my favorite part. Those guys had personalities like sassy hound dogs!

But some fun aside, it really gave you some time to think about life. Someone close to you has been getting themselves into dangerous situations, enough to where the Feds became involved. Throughout everything that happens, even when this person tried

to spread lies to make you into bad guy, you manage to impress more of your connections with your resourcefulness and ability to spot the problems in advance. Your impression was just enough to where they mentioned they would put in a good word for you if you chose to pursue that kind of federal career. You really think about it going through the training could help you hone your skills even more, to fill in the gaps you might've missed on your own journeys. That being the case, our classes start soon.

Let's not let this be our last adventure. I can tell you that planning has begun to take on even more of the world all at once, but I don't want to spill too much at this time. It seems like every time we speak about a fun project coming together before anything is set in stone something happens to cancel it all. Stay patient, my friend, we pull these off and it will change everything.

Just wait for the paperwork to come through to show up on National Geographic, we make a mark in the Loch Ness mythos.

With Love, You

P.S. After this trip, there is going to be a betrayal. Someone close to you will try to say you hurt them, sexually, to cover up their tracks. These are the aforementioned lies. You are going to be angry and no one can blame you for it. You are going to want to commit murder.

But, trust those voices inside that you will be fine. Eventually they will confess that they lied. Because of who they are, you'll eventually find it in your heart to forgive them. If that isn't a sign that we have grown, I don't know what is.

TWENTY THREE SET ME FREE

Dear Kota, ages affected 23

There are a few things that we still need to talk about, things that will likely stick with us for as long as we live. You're finally at a point in your life when you can start making sense of everything; why you had to go through the things you went through, why the long fights, why anything supernatural seems to come to your aid, why you act the way you do, why you should even bother at all to care?

Just look at our old conversations, nearly everyone who wasn't there to bear witness will have doubts. Even if you decide to publish them, swear up and down that everything we talked about actually took place, people will try to pick apart our story. If you were in their shoes, wouldn't you do so as well? We might only be twenty-three years old, but there are people in their seventies and eighties that confess to wishing they chose to live their life as you did.

But being able to rise to this occasion wasn't without sacrifice. There were several people you had to let go of in order to keep moving forward, people that you hoped would still be around to see you succeed. The reality of it is that you were warned this could happen should you choose to live the life you always wanted.

In order to truly be happy you were going to have to break off nearly everything you ever knew growing up; something that several people who witnessed your origin story repeated over the years.

Even the ones within the criminal justice system that became "acquainted" with the disturbances within your paternal bloodline.

While it seems like we were able to do most of the work on our own, there were people who pointed out things about us we overlooked. Some will say we have a tendency to make others walk on eggshells. Some will say they never know our true mood and feel like they can't ever approach us for anything. Some will even say we have a habit of looking for problems.

A few people will even point out that it doesn't take much for you to get caught up in the excitement and start to act egotistical. All these people are the ones trying to be a friend and help keep you down-to-earth, and they are the ones we need to show the most respect because they step up. There will be others that try to act like they are trying to help, but in reality, they only look to hurt you; your old supervisor from the Wal-Mart deli, certain so-called friends, and even your own sisters to name a few.

But this is all part of the process. You've learned by now, no doubt it was through trial-and-error, how to tell the difference in people's intentions. The people that looked to harm you won't stick around when they realize you aren't going to be shaken and run even faster when you call them out.

The ones that try to help will stick by you, forgive you when you step wrong, and always come back if they felt the need to walk away. This is all well and good, but the one person you ever showed your heart to without any hesitation spotted something no one else ever will. When things got heated between you two, she tells you that she sees two people inside you; the one that tells her the things she wants to hear and the one she believed was the "real

you."

Even though it was said in the heat of the moment, she was right on some level. There is more than one of us lurking inside of our head, and it is part of the official diagnosis from our therapist. With some work to get a full diagnosis, she described us as dealing with complex post-traumatic stress resulting in dissociative traits and "white knight" tendencies. In layman terms as a response to the things you went through as a child, you feel a need to "save" others and your head split up into different personas to handle that load.

There's you (Kota), the average goofball who just happens to be bigger than most people. Then there's the Writer (Poe) who excels in creative methods with little need for lessons. After him there is the Investigator (Sherlock) who can research and analyze nearly every situation and predict the results with near-perfect accuracy. There's also the Fighter (Logan) who steps in to either scare away threats, push through a struggle, or go down swinging. Finally we have the Comedian (Robin) who steps in to help everybody decompress and feel better. But there is the Kid (You) to worry about who avoids all conflict by retreating but cares for everyone all the same and likes to explore new areas.

All of these people are a part of you, and for the longest time, all of them fought for control. The Fighter, often being the more persistent of the bunch, has a habit of coming out prematurely whenever he notices a situation about to turn sour. The Kid finds a way to show himself whenever something exciting happens and finds ways to have just have fun.

The Writer often finds inspiration in life to create some form of art in the written mediums but tends to experiment with whatever he can get his hands on. The Comedian sees that a message needs to

be presented but puts a spin on it so not only do people actually listen but also feel better at the end of the day. As for The Investigator, he came up to act as a mediator between everyone to help better determine who would be the most beneficial to a specific moment and get rid of the noise that's been inside your head most of your life.

Those guys are the reason this book came together. You see this was a project meant to address all of them at the moments they were most present in our life because, in reality, they all manifested out of you, Kota. You are The Kid. All of these "alter egos" were born inside the mind of a kid from Idaho as the best way he knew how to handle life as it came at him.

Since The Kid didn't know what was going on, he let them take control whenever he didn't know what to do and that allowed for all of them to master different skills to create entire lives for them to live. That is where you and I come in because our "white knight" tendencies will keep us wanting to help more people but going too far in runs the risk of making things worse.

In order to move forward, we have to either build a better team among the voices inside our head or let them all go. We all got better at speaking to one another, which helped all our heads finally line up. Our memory of the events that took place in our life is perhaps the clearest it will ever be now because of it.

But if we are going to move on to where this isn't a problem there is one more step we got to take, we have to help the others realize you and I no longer have a need for them to take control anymore. Much like the many mentors we had over the years, it is because of them we were able to come as far as we have and I don't know about you, but I thank them for

that.

It's not like we have to tell them to say goodbye, but rather we move on our own and take with us the things they taught us. Should we ever need their advice they'll still be in touch, but this is our show now.

When it is time to have some fun, we now will go without fear of judgment for looking too goofy. When it is time to listen, we now can do so to help the ones we love to feel better. When it is time to fight, we now will charge head first without hesitation. When it is time to help, we now do so without a second thought. When you aren't sure what a situation may call for we now can take time to understand every side of the story, research to understand more, and make the right decisions.

Perhaps most importantly, when the time comes to tell a story, we now have what it takes to make sure that tale sticks in the hearts and minds of everyone who takes a moment to listen to them. The knowledge, wisdom, and skills that our "alter egos" left us helped make this and so much more possible.

But instead of just leaving these letters as nothing more than a self-help device, let's take things further. Sometimes the best way to take on our fears and mistakes is to lay them all out in the front so the opposition won't have anything they can dig up and use against you, and that is what we need to do. When you are ready, use your acquired resources to publish these letters and tell our story.

While we played a part in the stories of many others, we don't have a right to really showcase them, so really think about what letters you decide to release. It isn't our place to exploit their own tragedies for our benefit, and it is their call whether or not to tell the story themselves. Also, as

you likely already figured, us publishing their struggles could only put them back into harm's way.

But don't think of it as a loss. These people that you helped are as much a of motivation to keep doing what you do as the people are that truly supported you over the years. They all are as much a part of you as you are to them.

So do yourself a few favors; make sure the people that stuck around get the appropriate shout out in the book that comes from these letters, make sure they never have any reason to doubt your words, keep mementos of your success, and do your best to remember the names and faces of everyone you helped over the years. Fair warning though about that last "favor," my latest counts exceed over one-hundred-thousand people.

There are probably a few duplicate names and faces in the mix, but it is a reminder of the vast things we are capable of. If that isn't enough, then take confidence as the people who have known us the longest have mentioned they noticed a difference for the better within us. We still have a few flaws, but we are still human. Keep these letters safe and look back on them from time to time if you ever need a reminder.

But for now, it is time for me to go. I have another idea though, keep a separate copy of this text to add on to as we get older. It is very unlikely that the insanity will end anytime soon, that the darkness we fought will never truly go away, and more people will seek out our help even after we are no longer on this Earth. We'll probably need to take some time in the future to reflect even more and hopefully find the answers to the questions we still have.

Take care, my friend.

With Love, You

P.S. To Poe, Logan, Sherlock, and Robin

I want to thank you guys for coming into my life and helping me sort out everything that has happened. But it is time for me to step out on my own to take on whatever is coming next.

The lessons you all taught me will be forever helpful, and I do hope you all stay in touch in case I need your help once again. Maybe when I start to record sessions for the class I'm going to teach you guys can pop in to offer your insights?

PROOF

VAPULA RISES

Dear Kota, age affected 23

We are being summoned for a possible exorcism.

A dude tracks you down our website after being referred to us by someone on the website Reddit, and asks for our input on a situation he is facing. This situation is one that seems to escalate the very second we establish a line of communication. All the tests and all the signs are there, so this is officially the third true demonic case we have taken on first hand. First matter of business is finding out who in the Hell we are up against, finding out what lured it out, then severe all ties it has on the subject.

What started off this investigation was a strange dream our client had, who I should refer to as Kevin for the remainder of this message. He claimed that he was in the middle of a dream that showed himself trying to summon a demon, his hand shattering glass that seemed to cover a contract written in parchment paper, and something being called forward when his blood touched the paper.

I've gone through all of the checks on criminal background, signs of severe drug use, any history of mental illness... none of these were present. Upon meeting Kevin and doing a sweep of the house it is hard to ignore the vibes coming from that place. Something big and pissed was keeping an eye on the house and it was not happy about our involvement. Since all logic indicated this was an actual case, the only move we had was to try to put a name to a face.

Kevin tells us that the entity in question appeared to look like (in his words) a large dog with a humanoid body. It stood at least ten feet tall, had dark skin, and just frightening vibes. The entity only appears at night and tries to isolate its victim from friends and family as part of the possession process. These hint at one particular being, but it was when Kevin tried to make contact yet again to ask the demon its name that the being was happy to oblige by scratching its name into Kevin's neck.

Vapula.

According to the lore, Vapula (or Naphula) is the Grand Duke of Hell. Sixtieth spirit of seventy-two noted by King Solomon. Night demon. Said to manifest as a lion with griffin-like wings. Commands thirty-six legions of demons. He also is able to teach skill in handicrafts, philosophy, and all science contained in books. Some sources indicate Vapula is the spirit of a Nephilim.

If these sources are accurate, than this is in fact the strongest demonic entity you and I have ever faced.

Search your resources to find a corresponding angel to cancel out Vapula, all things considered it might actually be someone within the archangel Michael's inner circle. Use this information to form an exorcism ritual. Our first trials have been effective in at least weakening the demon but something is letting him hold on. More work needs to be done to completely eradicate the threat. Also, you may need to recommend Kevin to the hospital as he exposure with the demon seems to be causing some sort of illness.

If these spirits are causing enough radiation disruption, it could cause enough abnormalities in the human body in ways that look eerily similar to

the earliest signs of radiation poisoning and might need to be treated as such. This is just a theory but it just might help explain certain "abnormal" sicknesses that many cultures have attributed to spirits.

More work is to be done, so be ready my friend. Vapula will try attacking us, similar to how he first attached himself to Kevin. Thanks to our connection to Michael, we were able to fight him off, but it doesn't change the fact this being was able to break through and nearly kill us.

With Love, You

P.S. Some new developments came forward about Kevin, ones that are quite... unusual. After the demon tried to kill us, Kevin reported there was a significant change in Vapula's behavior. Technically speaking, it might be possible to "reverse the polarity" of certain demons, if that makes any sense.

If this is the case, then all sorts of new ventures will be opened wide up for us. But it also doesn't rule out the possibility we "replaced" Vapula with someone new. Perhaps even someone on the "light"-er side, who possesses similar qualities. More investigation need to be done.

DAKOTA DECLASSIFIED

Dear Kota, ages affected 23

So you finally did it. You let loose upon the world nearly all of the letters I sent you over the years, and now we are facing the repercussions. Some of the results were beneficial to our cause, I will admit to that right off the bat. A few old friends reached out after reading it to talk about what we shared, even apologizing for not realizing earlier on why we acted the way we did in the past. A few of our followers wrote in and commented on how they felt inspiration to pursue their dreams. Our remaining family members, however, seem to be a little more cautious based on what we discussed. These were all anticipated, don't get me wrong, but they are far from what really mattered.

These letters were to help you through the struggles that I knew were coming your way, to address how we changed because of them. I just hope that you did take some effort to keep a few things secret to protect our charges. Maybe if you decide to publish new letters farther down the road, we can release those details if it safe to do so. Maybe we'll throw in a few more betrayals that came our way, especially the ones where the remainder of our family is involved and seeking to permanently push you away out of momentary hostility.

The things I am about to share shouldn't have to be mentioned, but it never hurts to just hear it. You are not that kind of guy, Kota, you never were. I'll be honest, it is hard to not want to throw up your walls once again after dealing with these latest developments. Even though I have taken some time to

try cooling off, I still can't say for absolute certainty that I've fully forgiven the parties involved. I don't think I can as long as the chance still looms that any of them will try finding something else to, hopefully metaphorically, stab you with the second you get on their nerves. They all are are toxic people and it might be time to say goodbye.

Maybe this is what recovering addicts feel like? Maybe this is how they feel when they have made strides to improve themselves, yet the stressors that lead them to those choices still remain. That has to be it, but what can we really do to fix it when the stressors causing this behavior are your own family.

You've preached to others that it is okay to cut out toxic family members, but it seems lot harder to do with people who were actually around. You might've been able to cut out your father's side of the family but you didn't have any healthy connection to them. They faded in and out of your life over the years, making the separation easier to cope with in the long run. But we're talking separating yourself from practically everything we've ever known.

Without the naive mindset of a child, it'll be nearly impossible pull this off without feeling some sort of regret. Even now, as I am writing this I cannot help but feel a little anxious about moving forward. But there are people who truly appreciate you and what you do. Jewel, for example, took the time to really understand your mindset. According to her, she took about eight hours to read through the copy of this book you sent her. Once she read what we said about her, it lead to one of the most important heart-to-heart conversations we've had to date.

She really seems to get us, more so than anyone else ever has. It is safe to say she made more of an effort to actually understand why we act the way we do, and her seeing these letters helped her do

that just that. Granted it also lead to a bit of a "Grammar Nazi Onslaught," but if you two make it in the long run she might be able to help you with editing on future projects. Obviously she's much more than that, if there is exists a singular word which could be used to appropriately describe her I have yet to find it.

The fallout that is coming from this does, perhaps unfortunately, further support the idea it may be time to move on with life. Perhaps we can set aside some cash, stash our stuff into a storage unit, while staying at an extended stay hotel until we can get our bearings together. We're going to have to sell off a few things, items that can be replaced later on, but we'll have to start over somewhere you might not know anybody. Maybe we'll move closer to Jewel, so we can move forward in the relationship.

Only time will tell how things play out. Maybe, much like our friend who moved to Oregon, once we get the hell out of Dodge our mental issues might clear up. We'll see what happens. Either way, the nickname our friend Connor gave us after the Nessie encounter will likely stick with us until the end. The mighty "Specialist of the Strange and Fucked Up." I think we might just leave out the last few words. Much nicer ring to it.

With Love, You

STALKER STALKER SKINWALKER

Dear Kota, ages affected 21-23

This is perhaps one of the strangest cases we have taken on. Colleagues in our network, located in Pocatello, notified us that sightings of these creatures have been popping up locally... and knowing our luck it was only a matter of time before one of these creatures cross our path. We have taken on a skinwalker.

It showed up down the road from our house in the dead of night. At first you thought it was a big coyote, or even a sickly Great Dane, but something was off. It was huge, dark, smelled rotten, and it moved like a crazed person trying to move on all fours. We were able to pass it off as just a messed up looking animal, until we noticed the body count. Stray animals were disappearing, something that was passed off as the actions of the local coyote population, and tracks unlike any other animal were being found.

Unfortunately all signs pointed to something simply evil, or at least something driven mad by the very forces which drive it. The skinwalker is similar in nature to werewolf lore, enough to where some consider the terms synonymous. However the matter of origin wasn't important, the fact of the matter is that we had a known killer.

It took months of investigation, constantly waiting for new sightings to isolate potential whereabouts, but as the lore suggests simply looking

for it and acknowledging its present will lure it out. The neighbor's golden retriever had to pay the ultimate price before the creature slipped up enough to where we could get it cornered. It readied to attack, as we were getting ready to take it down, but as if planned by some divine force the roars of fighter jets spooked the skinwalker. The creature, standing on two legs as it challenged you, took off on all fours.

Without a physical body it is impossible to determine the authenticity of much of the lore surrounding skinwalkers. But it is noted that any further encounters might turn more dangerous. A skinwalker has been known to use a makeshift dartgun with pieces of human bone as the ammunition in order to poison their victims. Allegedly the bone are supposed to be difficult for mainstream doctors to find, as they embed into the skin. No symptoms came up but perhaps we managed to get lucky. The creature is out there still, people are still in danger.

We've got work to do.

With Love, You

SHATTERED JEWEL

Dear Kota, ages affected 24

You may have sent out the letters I've sent you, but our story is far from over. No matter, it just means that we have much more work to be doing in the world. Unfortunately it has to start with confronting this head on. The Moonlight Jewel, how could we let ourselves get so entangled within this web of lies?

Shortly after our overall standing in the world is threatened by false accusations Jewel returns to our lives. Well we reach out to her through Snapchat initially, then she eventually messages us a few days later after we were too shy to even say "hello". You gotta work on that my man, but back to the conclusion of this story.

Jewel tried reaching out to us roughly six months after the initial breakup to apologize for how things played out, but the conversations quickly went stale. After the accusations came forward towards you, you were desperate for someone that didn't see you as a monster. I get it. Your grandma tried to help. Your friend from high school knew you weren't that kind of guy.

But the fear that they all would turn on you, just like how your grandmother and mother would because you were male, that was too much. You needed someone who you felt wouldn't be that way and Jewel's apology had you convinced that the fights from earlier were officially over. If only that were true.

We seemed to get along quite well and had even

talked of getting back together. Hell we thought that the relationship was back on and talked about meeting up over in Indiana. She seemed nervous, as would be expected by someone of her past, but was excited for the opportunity. Yet the second she realized that you were on a plane and on the way to your layover in Dallas something changed. She got upset, angry, like we had just betrayed her in some way.

For quite some time people have tried to warn us something was off about Jewel during both rounds of the relationship, if you can call it that. They tried to warn us that she was using her past, if she was honest about it in the first place, to cover the fact she was seeing other guys. You didn't want to hear it and a number of fights started trying to defend her. But deep down you knew the potential was there. When Jewel started yelling at you over the phone, after you just sent her a picture of the sunrise from the plane, it should've been obvious.

But that wasn't what proved it for you, was it? It was finding out from Jewel's own grandmother after meeting her. You knew the guy had a previous history of helping Jewel out so you couldn't get too upset. But, it still wouldn't do much to erase the sting. You turned on the charm when you met her family, they clearly knew who you were and things you've done to help Jewel out in the past. Seemed like all was going well, right?

The main thing we need to remember is that we did give it our all. You did your best to make amends. Those actions in themselves are enough to prove that this mess was not on us. Jewel should've been honest with us, not lie. She tried to say that she completely forgot about us talking about getting back together. She USED us man!

The flights home gave us opportunity to meditate and process the ordeal. It was hard to

ignore the face that you still cared for her as a person, and there is nothing wrong with that. Unaware of the latest developments you happen to run into a few friends down in Jackpot where you had a nice dinner, gambled a bit, and stuck around for the fourth of July fireworks. It was a good way to let off some steam, enough to where you worked up the courage to try cleaning the slate with Jewel so you two could remain friends. This only antagonized her further.

From the sounds of things, after her family knew I was no longer in town they confronted her about playing with the feelings of others. Which, by all means they were right. Jewel once tried to say she was afraid of guys. She tried to say that she was afraid of meeting us in person because you were both bigger and stronger than previous assholes who tried to take advantage of her. If these things were true, why is she trying to play with people like this? She's lucky that you are the type of person you are, otherwise she could've been in serious trouble. There was no guarantee that the other guy would've not been injured had things gone confrontational.

Jewel gets aggravated, by the suggestion of wiping the slate clean, enough to where she threatens a restraining order if we were to go ahead with the plans to move to the area. She also felt the need to add if we tried to send her any more letters than she would just burn them. To which you finally had enough and said, “you know what? Burn everything.”

Jewel was not the type of person we needed in our life. She was a reminder of what we needed to avoid in order to reach our full potential. She wanted us to quit hunting, the one thing that defines who we are quite literally to our DNA! She tried to tell us how we should live our life. She tried psychoanalyzing us in her desperate attempt to gaslight us into her bidding. She was the problem,

not us.

We may have had issues with temper in the past and, yes, we may have taken things out on her without realizing it. But you, Kota, you took the steps to better yourself and stick true to who you are. Jewel has her own issues to deal with that we cannot help any further. Trying to do so would only compromise everything we built.

But there are some good things to come from this, my friend. A huge step in the right direction was made by finally applying just a small bit of pressure to get the answers we deserved. You can't go through life expecting others to just drop whatever it is you want in your lap, you've got to go out and take it. People, especially in the circles we run in, tend to cling to a selfish need to rise in stature. They may not even realize that they do it, heck it would be safe to say that we are equally as guilty. Our moniker of "Specialist" dictates that.

But this need can cause many things to get lost in translation. Only so much can be done through subtle hints and solo manpower, we're gonna have to let people in at some point and be direct with what is in our mind. If we're in love with someone, we should tell them and see what happens. If something needs to change, we need to trust our instincts to look into what's going on and make the best move for ourselves. The fact that we were trying to deny that is what got us here. I mean, seriously, this was enough to get us to apologize to our mom for not hearing her out more.

Can you imagine how screwed up we would really be if we tried sticking around her any longer?

It will take some time to get past this one but it is for the best how everything worked out. Plenty of beautiful women are on the horizon, waiting

for us to fulfill their lives with the strange of strangeness. I know I sound sarcastic but there are a number of things plaguing our time now and it's getting ugly; worse than anything we've every seen.

Carry on wayward one, maybe they'll be peace when we're done...

With Love, You

PROOF

MOON-ARKER

Dear Kota, ages affected 23-25

In our efforts to expand our horizons, offers continue to spill from nearly every field out there; from making more movies, starting and investing into more businesses, a comic franchise, TV shows, books... you name it. It is because of these ventures we are able to get involved with projects beyond our wildest dreams. The latest big one? Well... we're going to the moon!

Okay, okay... only a small DNA sample is going. Maybe a nice little letter as well that holds a special sigil meant to aid in fighting demonic forces all over the globe. It's a long stretch, I know but sources from off world who have been completely solid in the intel they gave us say it might just work. Not only that, but it will help in something much bigger afoot. That's not important right now. What is important is that we are FINALLY setting foot into OUTER SPACE itself!

Don't look at me like that! You knew from not only our 10th grade science teacher but the Space Shuttle run and the now completely scrapped Mars launch that we were too big to be sent to space. Our choices were limited to either figuring out how to build all the necessary equipment for ourselves, become best buddies with a business mogul that is aiming for space, or pray to be abducted by aliens. A bit of a marketing stunt by a Japanese entrepreneur gives you more of a chance seeing that the height limit is raised; however that doesn't work out to our advantage so don't waste too much breath.

The missions involved in the move are part of an international collaboration between several companies and organizations working with the "Arch Mission Foundation," to establish off world time capsules to preserve the memory of mankind. Right now, as I am writing this letter to you, the final stages of our lunar library inclusion are being prepared for an upcoming launch. This will include the letter of gratitude to many of the people who you hold dear and those who helped you get this far in life.

That letter will also show your current logo, a picture of you, and a copy of a protection sigil Michael the archangel himself helped design. The sigil has worked in every day we deployed it since the case in Pennsylvania. Right out of the gate we were able to test it on the lowest form of demonic being, the corrupted soul of a child rapist and murderer. It was a case even Ed and Lorraine Warren took notice. Speaks volumes that we're crossing threads with them, enough to spark rumors we're actually distant relatives. Oh how the tides are changing for us.

It appears that very mission may serve as part of a grander plan. Contacts we made with magick users from other worlds believe that placing it on the moon, even if the symbol won't be visible by the naked eye, may help fight off dark forces that look to bring about the end of the world. The Lord of Shadows, in particular, seems to be high in their rankings.

There are at least five launches to space with our name and affiliated companies attached to it, at the time I am writing this. But, between you and me, it is starting to look like we've been to space before. Remember that incident when we were little, like four almost five years old, when we somehow vanished from Jerome and ended up in Murtaugh? Our

mother couldn't carry us as a kid because of how big we were. Our grandparents were confused about what happened. It's not like our father would've allowed us to return home if it was a kidnapping attempt. Yet somehow we managed to end up over thirty miles from home.

Oh yes, it seems Olivia is part of the equation as well. Definitely throws a wrench into some of the theories we had but it still remains as progress. My next letters will hopefully make some more sense out it all.

With Love, You

THE HUNT FOR INFINITE EARTHS

Dear Kota, ages affected 23-24

Creation as we see it is only an infinitely shrinking fraction of an indefinitely expanding multitude of possibilities unknown but plentiful to even the highest of beings. There is no other way to really describe what we found because of this experiment; what we continue to learn from it. The concepts of a multiverse were only theoretical. A byproduct of the melodies strung by the universe itself, if they truly existed. As it turns out, they do.

Rumors were running about entities claiming to be from alternate universes by way of spirit box. But think about it just a bit further. Don't many of the reports from declassified government documents detail other realms being the true origin of many of these races, instead of the cliché little green men from Mars? Many people also try to claims that spirits come from other realms, so maybe there is an overlap? There are reports of things moving through walls. There are reports of electromagnetic and temperature anomalies. Who is to say that there isn't even more overlap that most people aren't considering?

How can we pull this off though? How can we be sure that we don't get intercepted by hostile parties, or even validate who we might talk to is who they say they are? It would be next to impossible, in theory. But in practice, maybe it is as easy as talking to a close friend.

Just in time for planning for this to occur the CW and Warner Bros start airing the next big DC

crossover event titled "Crisis on Infinite Earths," and due to some of the findings in your research you base the name of this endeavor upon it. Why? Well, for some reason, characters from their works allegedly visit our realm. Some who have talked about it in various groups speculate these may be tulpas or thoughtforms, beings formed from imagination and given sentience. One character in particular was said to be based on occult principles from our world, John Constantine from the Vertigo branch of DC.

This is a move many advise against. How would we know if it was John? Who is to say some malevolent force intercepts our call through the veil and tries to worm its way in to cause problems? Hell, one of the very authors we spoke to on the matter asked that himself. Truth is the only weapon we have in defense of these attacks is our own instinct. We've been at this long enough, and seen both sides, to know the guy feelings it leaves you when the encounter is over.

The malevolent forces? Fear, sorry, anger, rage, guilt, every emotion which leaves a weight in your stomach that only grows the more you indulge in the gluttonous wraith of the corrupted souls. The benevolent ones? There is anxiety but not in a negative manner. That notion is more rooted in excitement than fear. There is loving vibrations, calming auras, and you know deep in your heart that this being is of no threat to you. There will be many who question this gift, but they will soon learn that you are far from normal.

The experiments with John were simple, just focus on his image, call him forward, use a spirit box to catch his voice on tape. If beings from other realities could interact with our own in a form many would associate as ghosts, than the process would be simple enough.

It should be noted that many of the tapes were

too silent for most to hear without extensive audio reconstruction. But one particular message was fairly clear and left for us by what sounded like a woman saying, "If you can hear me, Constantine wants you."

Safe to say we managed to open the door, my friend. The implications of this test play into an active investigation that is hinting at an EXTINCTION LEVEL EVENT! No, not from John trying to kill us or demonic forces trying to intercept our works like many zealots will try to claim. However, certain factions from Hell itself may try to take advantage of the chaos that is to come.

Be safe and be strong.

With Love, You

REDEMPTION

Dear Kota, ages affected 23-25

Our time on this Earth has been filled with hatred and violence. There is no question of that. Times may have been filled with love, happiness, joy, and laughter; but a quick look back screams that often that was because certain people weren't around. When they were it was only a matter of time before one of them did something to reveal their true colors, even if it meant risking a life. It is a sad thing when one has to treat family like a room filled with toxic gas. Absolute minimal exposure. So, safe to say, no more family vacations will be taking place.

It's okay if you still feel tense about it, no one would blame you. But forgiveness will be important in what is to come, for others and yourself. I say this because, well, you already know why. Carrie. Carrie came to you saying that her stepdad had been physically assaulting her, grabbing her by the wrists, spitting in her face, and telling her "I don't care if you're a girl I'll do whatever I want to you." Immediately you reach out to authorities in her town and send them the screenshot of the exact message Carrie sent you, which makes your aunt ban you from coming to the house because she is "sick of your shit."

As if she was anything special.

First off, regardless of what your family tries to say about holding back on reporting it is absolute bullshit. You know this, and the fact that your aunt's kids trying to kill themselves after the stepdad came into their lives is proof enough. It

will also become evident enough that their old habits of only listening to the first person to come to them whining still reign true, compromising true progress.

You need to try to maintain as cool of head and steady of hand as possible. After the initial message gets out the situation only worsens with time. Carrie ends up institutionalized and told by her own mother that she couldn't come home unless she told the police that she lied about her stepdad sexually assaulting her. Long story short, you're about to see Carrie again.

Carrie is going to come live with you and she'll start spilling even more about what's been going on. Quite frankly, it will get your blood boiling enough to where the only thing that might save that group is you having a heart attack on the way there. Probably for the best you stay away from them as much as possible. You are moving too far along in your goals to compromise everything now.

Who do I mean by them? Well, you and I both know that abusers usually have enablers around them. You and I both know how easy it is for the weakest of minds to become the abuser. That's all I have to really say about that.

Part of you wants to see this as some chance at redemption for not being there to protect your own siblings, not being there when Tori died. On some level, maybe this fulfills that longing. When you see Carrie again, the realization of how bad her condition progressed is heartbreaking. Shaking with anxiety to the point of collapsing. Medicated for being an emotional thirteen year old girl who was being abused at home. Scars from attempts at self harming, yet she collapses at the sight of her own blood when she accidentally cuts her finger? Things are not adding up. She is a victim.

The police that responded both times we had to call them due to concerns for Carrie's safety saw it. The doctors she sees for her appointments down here saw it. Your contacts in law enforcement practically threatened to take you to prison if you didn't call it in because the messages stated clearly that Carrie was in dire trouble and had attempted to end her own life to escape. Yet the social works that Child Protective Services sent in was too ignorant of the facade. And these are the same people those who advocate for police reform say should be sent in for domestic violence calls?

At least the authorities now have copies of the "calls for help." Just in case you, once again, get falsely accused by your own blood. You already know from experience that the corrupt and lost in these situations are often too stupid to think of any clear defense. Even when it is obvious they have become addicted to drugs. Police would likely catch on to the lies they would tell in order to try putting all the blame on the child, but not the social workers the courts would rely on to build the case.

No matter what happens, no matter how frustrating things get, you need to remember that Carrie needs you. Just after a couple weeks with you her mentality gets better. She stops feeling the urge to self-harm. She actually starts eating more. She excels in school to where she starts working on materials a grade level higher than she is supposed to be. Not because you tried to swoop in and save the day. It is because you simply gave her an ear for when she was ready to talk. You made sure to take her out and have some fun. You were simply there out of love at a time she was starting to feel no one was there for her at all.

Had you not been as knowing as you are in ways of the unknown, oh mister Specialist of the Strange,

perhaps that is the closest thing to real magic anyone is capable of reaching.

Besides, had you not had this happen, there may have massive change in your life and soul that you would've missed. Carrie was not supposed to come down for the two weeks, initially, but her mother catering to the abusive so called stepdad made it so Carrie was just dropped at the side of the road. Thankfully that road was at your grandmother's house, and your grandmother could see for herself what her own daughter had become. This change that comes into your life just may help influence Carrie's life as well.

It should come as no surprise that Parachills has become a part of you. Trust me, even in the darkest times Parachills becomes like the family you had always desired. One that understood that "strange" aspects of your foundations.

We are well on our way, my young friend. Trust me when I say the journey in the coming months will plant the seeds for even greater growth.

With Love, You

THE COMPANY

Dear Kota, ages affected 24-25

There was a time building a life where the paranormal became a full-time, paying career seemed like a mere fantasy. It seemed like we would have to somehow get on with the television networks who send us constant messages about potentially working together on new shows; risking having to fake encounters just to stay on the air.

Well it's not like strange things happen around us practically on a day to day basis. But that's not what's important... maybe.

In December we receive a notice about a paranormal group based out of London that followed us on one of our Twitter pages. Something about it seemed unique and intriguing, you couldn't quite stop thinking about it. Then, when Carrie left for her two week break to go back to the hospital, you signed up. I'm just going to say now it is the best move you could have made.

In the few short months, you come to know some of the most amazing people. You start to build friendships with people who understood your weirdest of qualities much more than the average person. You learn new skills and ways to improve ones you already had. In spite of the chaos that stirred, you even manage to find leads into ventures you always wanted to go into but never managed to get the right connections! Ironically the films you made for the streaming service, Paraflixx, end up becoming the roots for two of the strangest cases *"The Company"* ends up helping you understand that much more.

"The Hunt For Olivia," a piece dedicated to trying to understand more about why this little girl saved you; in the hopes of finding more information and potentially saving innocent lives. Then there's "Bonds of Beyond," an exploration into the overlaps of UFO and spirit phenomenon in order to pursue a method of one on one contact. Come time for when the aliens seem much more active on our world, you will need *"The Company"* more than ever as they will need you.

Why do I say this?

Because working them we learn that Olivia isn't just visiting blood relatives, tossing that idea of finding her mother out the window. She may not even be staying on Earth. Worst of all, she's caught up in the war with the Lord of Shadows. Who, upon being teased by us about his existence, ATTACKS *"The Company"* ON THE AIR while we are filming for our YouTube channel.

I wish I could write more but the tides of strangeness continue to churn as even NASA warns of floods to come due the moon in turmoil. I sent another letter your way that talks more of the conflict but with all that is happening.. I can't really say I know what's going on anymore.

But remember, you saw *"The Company"* coming. You know you had visions of this day coming. You need this team. No matter what happens, and some of the drama will cause you to have doubts because of the women involved, stick with them. Quite frankly it seems like no one else will have our backs in this mess.

With Love, You

P.S. I'm adding this as a warning. There is a secret hidden deep within *"The Company"* and it will change how you view everything. Be thankful for the time you had, as true colors will emerge in the very same patterns that made us work alone before. Speak truthful, as the matters those who are against our motion will try to use a veil of secrecy to silence many. The only problem, the very same veil may not be as legal as they believe. Speak truthful and from the heart, no matter the opposition or hurt. When the time comes we'll elaborate further as childish tantrums will attempt to tamper your name. They may even read this. Oh well, they should really watch the ones they claim to love as the second turmoil comes their lovers will turn against them as they have turned against you.

PROOF

LORD OF SHADOWS

Dear Kota, ages affected 14-25

This thing... this FUCKING THING! For ten years we have been at war with this thing and it just keeps coming! The truly messed up part? Apparently he has been watching us since he saw were capable of taking a life if driven that far!

Breathe Dakota, breathe. Haven't you learned by now that you loosing your head does nothing to help?!

Listen Kota, I'm going to send you an message I sent out to a friend in hopes they can get the word out about what's going on. Maybe it will make sense to you...

*"Hello **********,*

I hope you all are staying safe with everything that happened over the last year and a half. Many of you have been asking for updates on the situation with my daughter, Olivia Hope. Since I came forward on this channel with my story, I tried my best to make sure I gave you updates once I was certain that I had credible information to present. Being that as the case continued to evolve, it seems even more likely that my daughter somehow managed to travel back in time by the aid of none other than the archangel Michael. And she has been even more active as of late.

Before I continue, I guess I should take a second to help those who may have not heard this story get caught up so they won't be as confused. The

story initially started when I was about the age of 12, I was going through a number of matters that led me to attempt taking my own life. Just as that took place, something happened that seemed to transport me to some vast blue void. A humanoid figure emerged from this void, who appeared too blurry to make out any distinguishing feature, and introduced me to a little girl that may be my daughter from the future. I've been fortunate enough to pursue a variety of career options, as well as travel, in order to best understand the situation as I started going into paranormal research in an official manner. All I happened to come across indicated that the humanoid figure may have been none other than the archangel Michael.

In the last update I mentioned that a friend of mine had been in a car accident and claimed to have seen Olivia as well. As many of you have wondered, especially with the cliffhanger ending, if that was the end of the story and Olivia's mom was found. I mean it only made sense with everything I knew at the time. But as I have come to learn, that theory has been proven false. I have now confirmed my friend was the first of eleven eyewitnesses, other than myself and my late grandfather, that Olivia has visited.

All their descriptions came separately, but were nearly identical. Aside from becoming close friends in time, to the best of our knowledge, we aren't related in any way. Using information they provided, which includes a voice recording of a little girl calling out for "mommy," I was able to use some software in order to create a computer generated sketch. Much to my amazement upon seeing it with my own eyes, and revealing it to the witnesses that came forward, it was her. I've attached a photo of myself next to the generated image for you all to see.

While the potential of moving closer to solving this mystery has been exciting to say the least, there are implications behind it that are concerning. It appears that my daughter, and "God's plan for me," are here to take on an entity that is a literal Grim Reaper and the half-human son of an archangel, whose name literally translates to "Venom" or "Blindness of God." Thanks to the pandemic, and unfortunate consequences of lockdowns on a global scale, this thing is now more active than ever. Many of you may know him as the "LORD OF SHADOWS."

Back in December I joined, and eventually became Executive Director of "The Company," the first ever official company to have a strong focus on paranormal investigations. For now the positions are volunteer based but the hope is to build it further and offer all our members salaried positions. Many assume that this entire thread has been an effort to cash in on people's belief, but that couldn't be far from the truth.

My efforts in this have been to simply find out what was going on so people may eventually see that I haven't gone insane, that what I've experienced was in fact actually happening. Joining "The Company" was a gift that allowed me to find and collaborate with others who, at the very least, would have a basic understanding in regards to the things I was talking about. If we're able to successfully fully fund our exploits to reach and help even more people, turn this into a full-time focus, then amazing. At the end of the day, it still is just about helping people.

Come February of this year, "The Company" officially initiated an investigation into the LORD OF SHADOWS upon realizing that this was being spotted by people all over the world with the only known connection between all incidents was a history of trauma and violent death sometimes soon follow. As

the team knew I had been tracking this thing for about a decade, and developed a theory about the real identity of the LORD OF SHADOWS based on a number of cases I worked on. These matters reached a point of intensity as the families involved moved across the country in order to escape, even after I managed to clear the problem.

One man out of North Carolina, concerned as the LORD OF SHADOWS was focusing on his three-year-old son, informed me that the being tried forcing him into a deal to join an army the LORD OF SHADOWS was bringing together.

A young lady in Indiana disclosed to me a story of the LORD OF SHADOWS locking her in the bathroom of an old boyfriend's home as he attacked said boyfriend with a knife.

A woman in Colorado even reached out to me, concerned that the LORD OF SHADOWS may have influenced her to name her one year old son after him. That name was Cain, as in the world's first murderer.

*I want to try and save this from becoming too long of a story, and I am not looking to start a religious debate because there is simply too much for me or ********* to condense into one message.*

However there are variations of lore from several cultures that indicated Cain was not the biological son of Adam, but the offspring of Eve and the Archangel Samael, the "Venom of God" and the only being ever specifically labeled as Satan. This theory was furthered by a phantom woman that visited me not long after the case in North Carolina, claiming she was none other than Eve. I shared it with "The Company" during a live-stream on their YouTube channel... and the LORD OF SHADOWS attacked us.

*I have shared evidence with ******** to show him the validity of my claims and disclosed which ones would be safe to share. There is strong evidence to suggest that the LORD OF SHADOWS becomes stronger in times of crisis in both individuals and populations as a whole, and trust me when I say he has enough of a twisted sense of humor to follow through with pretty much every cliche associated with demons.*

I am thoroughly convinced because of this attack and others that follow my theories have traction. This thing caused people to cough up blood, strange burns would appear out of nowhere, scratches, shadows, disembodied voices, people feeling like they were stabbed and gutted like a butchered animal.

During the attack I was out of town, just a few miles south of the Canadian border to spend some time with a dear friend I hadn't seen in years since a trip we took to Scotland. I had my gear on hand just in case I ran into trouble, but I will admit seeing her again took me out of the necessary mindset. It also happened to be her birthday that weekend as well.

*I had to disconnect from the live show as the attack only intensified to compose myself. I watched quietly as the remaining three; who I'll call ********, ********, and *******; tried to take a moment of silence and prayer to assess the situation further. ******** and ******** were more experienced with negative cases than ******* but this was an event that may very well be the first ever documented case of an international demonic possession. The LORD OF SHADOWS managed to attack many of us that are spread across the UK, US, and Canada within a matter of two minutes.*

*Overwhelmed and consumed by fear, the LORD OF SHADOWS saw an opening and took control of *******.*

******* was an older guy who wore glasses, had twenty plus years of experiences in dealing with spirits, and even teaches paranormal based courses. The intensity of the event was too much for him to bear. Combine that with the fact he had been sick, the LORD OF SHADOWS found an opening and possessed him. Watch the video attached and you can physically see ******* face start to change. He takes off his glasses and glares directly into the camera, as if the LORD OF SHADOWS was trying to say. "I'm here, I got you, What are you going to do about it?"

********* was a bit of the panicky type, only had a couple years of experience dealing with small time haunts. He starts to suggest ending the broadcast for the safety and well being of the audience and out of respect for those of us who were affected. However as ******* briefly mentions my name, ******* flinches. This was an opening to fight back. ********* flees as he grows fearful that the thing in control of ******* was trying to stare right at him, leaving ******* to close the show. ******* asks ******* for any final words and realizes something is wrong as ******* only tilts his head. I work my way back into the broadcast as a maniacal laughter fills my head. Once again, ******* flinches as the bring inside him attempts to maintain composure.

"I know who you are. I know you want us out," I boomed over the air, "Let him go."

******* slowly moves his head side to side.

"NOW," I yelled.

In that moment, as my voice reigned through the air as if it were an entirely different entity charging to battle, ******* broke free. With texts that came through from one of the members that was on panel saying the LORD OF SHADOWS was repeatedly

saying "I got you, I told you to go away but you didn't listen. Now I'm going to take them from you," officially we backed away from the investigation. I couldn't walk away knowing that children were caught in the middle of this thing's attacks. Derek, himself, just had one of his kids sitting in his lap mere minutes before we got ambushed. As the weeks went by I learned that not long after the attack there was another child who started to appear as well; a beautiful little girl with gorgeous blue eyes, roughly 5 or 6 years old, and looked just like me.

*A brief conversation with ****** and another one of our colleagues, on the topic of angels, triggered a near panic attack when he learned that I had a little girl of unknown origin attached to me. Derek went to describe Olivia how I saw her near perfectly, which prompted me to dig out a photo of one of my younger cousins. The family resemblance tends to be fairly strong on my mother's side, which has somehow led to myself and one of my uncles constantly being mistaken as one another. This uncle just so happens to have fraternal twin girls who not only could easily pass off as my kids, making them and Olivia look like triplets were they ever to meet. When ****** saw the photo of my cousins, he started screaming "No, stop, that's too freaky man!"*

Imagine how I felt.

Olivia had been spotted by eleven other people, beside myself and my late grandfather. The theory I had about blood relatives on the verge of death only being able to see her has been effectively thrown out the window. Many of the eyewitnesses reported passing encounters where she would appear briefly then suddenly vanish the second she knew someone could see her. Some said that seeing her brought them comfort during an emotional time and that something about her visits have helped them

heal. A few even brought up that they were sure they had seen her appear long before we actually met.

*I mentioned before that ******* had been sick and to this day has been receiving treatments, Olivia helped keep off negative energies to help speed up his recovery. My friend ******* who had on and off visits from the LORD OF SHADOWS, who disclosed she had been physically assaulted by it at one point, was able to return to work from a desperate mental health leave. One woman even mentioned that when she spotted Olivia, she seemed to be holding the hand of an unseen being much taller than her. I can only speculate that with all that has happened the "unseen force" was none other than archangel Michael himself.*

******* *ended up with one of the most surprising encounters with Olivia. He had talked about seeing a mysterious blonde little girl running around the place he lived but assumed it was the result of a residual type haunting, where spirits act like they are on loop and don't seem to register the living being around. ****** forwarded me a long text message with the first words in all capital letters "CALL DAKOTA NOW. I THINK I JUST SAW OLIVIA."*

*Just before the SOS message ******* called me frantically asking if I heard from ******** at all because ********** ********** had been worried that something may have happened. When we finally read the rest of that message, ******* and I immediately turned on our spirit boxes so we could physically hear our guides as we started reciting every cleansing and exorcism prayer we knew by heart. We focused our attention towards Brian to attempt a long distance exorcism that Olivia herself jumped right in.*

******* *got ambushed out of the blue and was possessed by the LORD OF SHADOES, who seemed to grow increasingly angry every time ******* would reach for*

*the phone. We managed to break off the connection enough to allow Brian to talk to us. It was his first ever experience with an attack that scope Abigail took the time to help him calm down before he left himself exposed for another round. Days before this attack I was able to use some imaging software to render an image of Olivia that ******** confirmed to be her. I took a moment to show the image to ********* and while he stated he didn't get a clear look at her face, he immediately felt like he recognized her.*

*I guess I should be proud in some way. My daughter has the moral compass to try helping people. I showed the picture to some of my colleagues at "The Company" and told them what happened. Knowing that all was well, they all joked that I had nothing to worry about, Olivia was definitely my child. ********** mentioned something that got me thinking a bit more. She mentioned that during her encounters one of the very first things she noticed, aside from Olivia being a spitting image of me, is that she had my height.*

When Olivia would speak, her mannerisms made her seem like she was closer to the age of three or four. I was always a bigger guy, always mistaken as being older than I was practically since birth. Many of my relatives, especially on my mother's side, also had that problem growing up. Obviously, chances were that my kids would also have this happen.

But what was concerning even more was the age. By the time I was three years old, my stepmother tried to stab me in the back of the neck resulting in me having to fight back and stabbing her in the stomach with a six inch knife. It took court mandated therapy to prove to the authorities that I acted in self defense, and there was clearly some disturbing things on my father's side of the family that would only grow progressively worse in time. I was just two

months shy of my fourth birthday when this occurred.

My family constantly told stories about how I seemingly just "knew" things I shouldn't have, but there's evidence to suggest that day may have marked me as the LORD OF SHADOWS type for his bigger plan.

It was through the sightings of Olivia and patterns in the more aggressive cases of LORD OF SHADOWS attacks that I managed to put together what he truly wants. If this thing was just trying to spook people going through a rough emotional time, then why don't even more people report seeing it? Perhaps it comes from fear of judgment, but I truly fear it is something much worse; a war between Heaven and Hell.

To do that, the LORD OF SHADOWS hopes to terrorize people with psychic potential to harvest their souls for his army. His tendencies to focus on children are due to the fact their minds aren't developed enough to essentially bury natural psychic abilities; another attack I came across on a pregnant woman suggests he may even be responsible for some miscarriages in order to fulfill this.

The LORD OF SHADOWS may in fact have my nephew. Again I pray with every fiber of my being I am wrong but the rising tensions in the world, continued lock downs, rising concerns for mental health related incidents, even the heightened attentions on the UFO phenomenon, and the number of times people have come running saying they heard my name being dropped from the other side of the veil say otherwise.

In my studies I also experimented with using spiritual methods to contact beings from other worlds, trusting only my instinct to know whether or not I was being targeted by malevolent forces. The focus of those tests centered around beings that

allegedly already made contact or even visited our world physically. After careful consideration I chose three targets; "John" who is an English occult specialist from an alternate Earth, Vrillon from the 1977 South London TV hijacking, and Valiant Thor who supposedly spent quite a few years living amongst government officials at the pentagon. Long story short, all of them and more answered my calls and I've even been able to "summon" UFOs by simply asking.

Curiously enough, Michael the archangel has come through numerous times as well. When asking to speak to Vrillon or other members of the Ashtar Command, Olivia will speak. A few contactees have come forward saying that they swear they saw me communicating with the ETs like we were all old friends, while some report seeing what they believe were battle plans. Some report, even from former government and military sources, that the very beings we know as angels and demons are in fact working with the ET races.

*Something big is coming. For whatever reason it seems that I am connected to it all. This is no longer about trying to track down Olivia's mother and fulfilling some sort of weird time loop. Truthfully, I don't know what it is but for some reason I find myself slipping into a bit of tunnel vision. I have attached an image of myself with the rendering of Olivia to this message. I have done so because I am hoping to get ********* help in piecing this together by sharing this plea.*

If you have seen Olivia, or you believe you have been contacted by any of these beings, please find me. Use my website www.dakotafrandsen.com to reach me. With the help of "The Company" I'm able to reach more of an international audience if needed. Trust me, there are plans to send protection sigils to the moon itself and produce music that can

exorcise demonic threats.

*But more importantly I have a message for *******, if he still happens to listen to this channel.*

*********, quite a few people seem to have gotten us mixed up. It's not hard to see why, quite frankly I was shocked to hear that there was someone else out there who can't seem to get away from this life. While I may have collaborated with a large group of people and taken on the more public appearance approach to this, it does not erase my motivation to help as many as I can.*

If possible I'd like to speak with you about what's been going on and get your perspective on things. I am not doing this to try to exploit you, or even recruit you into my company. Your identity will be kept protected. You have my word. This isn't a plea from a fanboy or some hunter to hunter confidentiality. This is from one father who knows too much to another."

WE HAVE ANGELS. WE HAVE DEMONS. WE HAVE PEOPLE FROM "OTHER EARTHS." WE HAVE MONSTERS. WE HAVE ALIENS.

Add this all together, mix in the fact we have nuclear weapons ready to take out densely populated regions of the United States with only seconds for evacuation, and the fact that you and Olivia may not even be entirely human. Come to think of it, that incident when we were five and ended up thirty miles away from home when we went to bed is starting to ring a few too many bells. Add that to the weird dreams, even one where Olivia says she has a baby brother. What in the hell is going on?

War. Ragnarok. The apocalypse.

There is too much to take in at once and the

tides of strangeness continue to stir. The image of the LORD OF SHADOWS will forever be burned into our brains. The hat, the coat, the darkness, the evil, and especially that fucking smile on his face. That scar is his weakness, its how we managed to help ******** break the connection. He can be hurt. There may even be a new player on the board that is helping the fight; the KNIGHT OF LIGHT. Interestingly enough though the one witness who spotted it had a daughter who thought you were the knight.

Stay strong, my young friend. We may be in the end game now.

Yes, another comic book reference. That's always been how we handled this from the beginning so don't judge and love stronger. We may be able to survive this, but not everyone we love will.

With love, You

PROOF

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

Dear Reader,

As you have gone through these pages, you have heard me mention a little girl numerous times; one who may by my daughter. I know not the entire truth behind if she truly is my daughter, why she appears, what she is, or even who her mother may be.

This is why I am reaching to you, in hopes to find more answers.

This image was generated utilizing special imaging software, using the descriptions of several individuals who came forward about seeing Olivia.

Name: Olivia Hope

Height: 3'6" to 4'
Weight: 45 lbs
Age: Unknown (possibly age 3 to 4 based on mannerisms, appears age 5 to 6 because of stature)
Description: Sandy Blonde hair, blue eyes, may have birthmark on her left arm

Seen With: Unseen force, possibly the archangel Michael or her mother

Additional Notes: The only known connections between all who have come forwards is having previous encounters with the LORD OF SHADOWS. If seen, she may be trying to help keep malevolent entities at bay. Also, some have come forward saying they heard the name "Dakota Frandsen" be mentioned through spiritual means. Both may be associating with members of an extraterrestrial race trying to help prevent an

extinction level threat.

In previous editions I only included information on my potential daughter. With the latest developments however, it may be best I include information on the Mother and Brother of Olivia as well. Here goes...

Name: Steven Roy

Height: 3'2" to 4'
Weight: 50 lbs
Age: Unknown
Description: Platinum Blonde hair, blue eyes, may have birthmark on left arm

Seen With: Mother and Sister

Additional Notes: In Earth time, Steven is practically a newborn. However with the strong possibilities of time dilation he may be much older and likely extraterrestrial physiology may affect his appearance and abilities. Seems to be more quiet and reserved compared to his older sister.

Yes, I am pursuing a likely extraterrestrial connection in these cases and more information continues to come forward supporting this notion. I acknowledge not much can be done on my end to full support this theory short of having an extraterrestrial craft show up and my "family" come out of it. Regardless of your beliefs on the matter or your speculations about my stories, these are all matters I am sticking to until further notice. I acknowledge I may be wrong in my interpretations and will admit that I was wrong if such event unfolds.

Name: "MeAnn"

Height: 5'11" to 6'1"
Weight: 145 lbs
Age: Unknown
Description: White Blonde hair, blue eyes, toned figure

Seen With: Olivia and Steven

Additional Notes: Not human. Paranormal-Sensitive people have suggested "MeAnn" may be from the Pleiades star cluster and has ties with the Galactic Federation. It is said that her species are some of the closest genetically related in the galaxy to people from Earth, close enough that the species can interbreed with people from Earth with minimal health risks to the offspring.

It is possible that as a young girl, she met Dakota at a young age during an abduction event still being investigated. From that moment her and Dakota grew close and may have eventually married. These are claims alleged from contacts close to Dakota who have also met her and their children.

Upon experimentation with ET contact and implementation of the "Close Encounters of the Fifth Kind" protocols, communication with these beings have been more frequent. Results will be revealed in further documentation.

If you believe you have see any of the beings listed in this section...

If you believe you have been contacted by beings who mention the name Dakota Frandsen. Or if you perhaps have any other information you believe may be helpful in the investigation please contact Dakota Frandsen at any of the following...

His website: www.dakotafrandsen.com

His social media: https://bit.ly/3AcJxiq

PROOF

A LAST WORD

Dear Reader,

This is the third edition of this text. The most previous one was released as part of a company I no longer possess affiliation with. I believed it was something that could help me grow, help me become more knowledgeable of the field, and perhaps even find others like me. For a while, that was the case. However, I became aware of some actions that made me question my standing in their ranks.

Out of respect, I will not give any names or go too much into detail about the incident that ignited the fuse. There are already too many innocent victims in this. What perhaps pushed me over the edge was blatant lies and going behind of backs on behalf of so-called "legally bound" organization members.

When they were called out, they tried to shed doubt and spread juvenile gossip through social media. Some of their idiotic followers, offended by the added attention to their faults, took their side. To be honest, many of them chose to act like bitchy schoolgirls. The actions of my cohost for the new show I've put together didn't help either.

It will likely reemerge because of this text. But, as usual, they will be too ignorant to honestly read what I have to say. They already tried to twist my words. Quite frankly, people who chose to act upon it only revealed just how miserable and pathetic their lives are and likely always will be.

I will admit this sounds brutal, but I am still writing this bit in the heat of the moment. The lack of consideration in legal paperwork will stab them in the back when more people wisen up to the faults in

their attempts of silencing those who speak of it. Tearful eyes will tug the heartstrings of the uninitiated. Out of the alleged hundred members, only one has shown any true professionalism in the matters at hand. It is he who I still hold respect and admiration for.

But this isn't about them. It's about what these matters brought up in reflection towards myself. One ignorant prick, in particular, seems to think that I'm delusional. Others with no brain to spare quickly followed suit in their quips. Yet, I cannot trust that his thoughts are genuinely his own, and the woman in his life is the driving force behind his actions. It can even be said the woman in particular still holds feelings for her ex.

That's why I've deemed them to no longer be of use in my life, and it was time to move on. Maybe, in time, we'll all mend bridges and be friends yet again. But as they are now, I should ride off on my own because of how they made me feel. It was not an easy choice to make, one I could've handled a bit more professionally, but one that needed to be made still.

See, they say you become an amalgamation of the five people closest to you, those you choose to surround yourself with. A wise enough person can quickly tell the kind of person you'll become just by looking at these people. If you surround yourself with losers who won't do anything more than sit around all day, smoke weed, play videos games, and/or brag about how many felonies they possess or warrants for their arrest... you might find yourself not moving far. Find those who share the drive to build big things and go about doing it; you might end up surprised at what will happen.

These examples are not to pass judgment on anyone, and anyone willing to put in the work to change

deserves that chance. But the second you see them fire off empty threats just to try to spook whoever happened to offend them; that is someone you may wish to reconsider keeping around. Otherwise, you may end up doing something to set them off and be considered and nothing more than worthless piles of dog shit.

I do not want to be seen as the enemy, but I know I have offended others in the past. In some instances, I was only doing what I thought was right.

Perhaps in some way, I went about it wrong, could have given more consideration to my execution.

For those times, I accept responsibility for my actions. I will do what I can to make amends towards undeserving victims, if not just go about my own way peacefully. But still, even the most well-intended actions will be harmful to some. Quite frankly, if one took the time to analyze the complaints of those in what is deemed today as "cancel culture," it could be painfully apparent that participants of this are not happy in their lives.

One's happiness, one's quality of life, is one's own responsibility. The only exception to this rule is if one has a child to care for, harsh truths must come out even then. One must choose who they allow in their life, and one must decide who they keep in their life and what boundaries they must set. Most importantly, one must find themselves the strength to make the changes necessary to reach that happiness. No matter what aspirations you wish to chase, no matter the loves you face, no matter what hearts you must break.

You know what makes me happy? Having a chance to explore new places. The ability to truly explore what is out there in creation and what is possible. Taking time to simply give back and offer my times and services to those in need. When it comes to the end

of the day, I find it is time to rest and reflect, finding an outlet to express matters of mind in whatever art form of my choosing.

My happiest moments were when I was on the road, off to some new lands I never thought I'd get to see. Moments of clarity where I can nurture some new project into life. Should something negative happen along the way, even then, I wouldn't change it. I do not do these things for glory or financial gain. But were I to build some sort of system where the economic ties of our material society are satisfied? Somehow fund myself, so I may live comfortably and still do what I love, then it would not be an offer I would refuse.

My name is Dakota Frandsen, and regardless of what you may believe, I am the one and only Specialist of the Strange. This title was born from a joke between friends but grew into something I cannot even identify. The journey has been extended, perilous, even fatal at times. Most importantly, the road was filled with excitement, adventure, learning, and growth. For all the times there was pain, there was joy. For every evil, there was kindness. For every heartache, there was love.

I know not entirely what the road ahead entails. But I do know this; every step of the way, even if I cannot always see them, forces are aiding me along my way. The adventure will likely never end, even after I leave this life. But isn't that the point of a legacy?

I have my flaws. At times, I can be a downright asshole and struggle with keeping myself from both metaphorically and literally going for the jugular out of a fit of rage. I have qualities I pray do not pass on to my kids and die with me. But at the same time, those qualities help me achieve so much in this life. Yes, others helped me along the way, and a few

of those relationships didn't end on good terms. Should the opportunity arise, I hope to mend those bridges, but I am thankful for them regardless.

Every person I encountered, everyone who sees my works, those I just happened to walk by, and even those who sought my harm are a part of me. We, as sentient beings alive and on the move, are all part of the same Source. I see no one as above me or below me, for these are thoughts that brew conflict and foster resentments in the end. While one may excel in avenues others may lack, one may earn titles above others, and one's efforts may come more recognized than another; we must never treat one another as lesser. Even if that person has made a mistake that hurts others or ourselves.

A voice sits inside my head as I write this last entry to this text. It has been there for me, helping me, guiding me for as long as I can remember. Though it whispers that we've known one another for some time. It is why they rescued me when I was young. It is why they helped me cheat death. It is why I must continue on.

There are millions of other species in the galaxy, throughout fabrics of Source even unknown to the wisest of civilizations. They are as curious of us as we are of them, the potential we have yet to truly unlock. I write this text, and others like it, hoping to reach as many lost souls in the most intimate ways I know. The ones who choose to cry out when they feel the darkness is coming close to swallowing them whole, leaving them as nothing more than the fragment of a memory. I speak to those that believe the exchange of drugs and meaningless sex is how to forge friendships. I hope you hear me sing these truths, the ones who feel like you are nothing.

Hear my words and choose for yourselves if you listen to them. No one else can make the choice for

you. You have forgotten who you truly are and seek the attention of some power to come save you. We will do our best to help you, should you genuinely ask for it. We will do our best to guide you to the right place. But we cannot get to you all. There are simply too few of us fighting this war to help you all. You must find the strength to help and heal yourselves before you try to heal others. You have more power than you truly realize. Once you come to this realization, once you claim back your freedoms as intelligent and sentient life, we will welcome you with open arms as we have already welcomed a select few of your people.

Just know this, regardless of what comes.

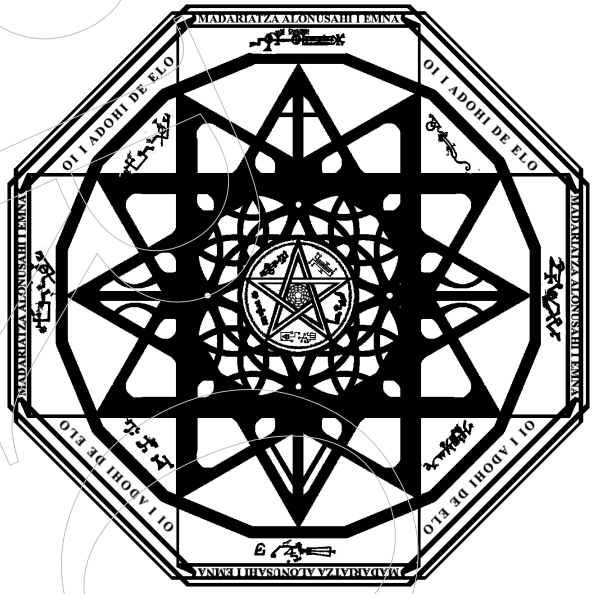
More confusion will haunt your day-to-day. The fragility of your society is crumbling under the weight of the greed of few. It will continue to break unless you change your ways. Your world is a beautiful place, so full of color and life, limitless potential. Why do you waste it?

Why do you kill it?

Why do you harm yourselves?

We want to help you, and we are here doing our best to give your everything you need to take your power back. When you are truly ready and on the cusp of your evolution, just remember this...

We will never let you down.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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dakota Frandsen, Specialist of the Strange... almost sounds like a weird superhero. But know this, no matter what some may believe, Dakota Frandsen is the real deal. Born and raised in the small town of Murtaugh, Idaho; Dakota was always an outcast thanks to his interest and seemingly unnatural

You can find more information about Dakota Frandsen at his website: https://www.dakotafrandsen.com

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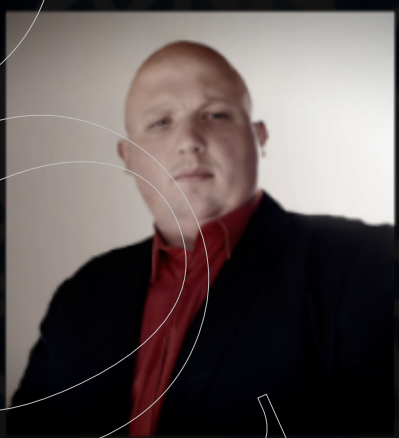
Specialist of the Strange, Dakota Frandsen, takes advantage of mysterious events to send letters back to his younger self in order to guide him through a life of utter strangeness and adventure potentially unlike anything the world has ever known. In this second edition, Dakota unveils more about his past and the unsettling truths that guided him and finding the threads of a war that threatens the very future of humanity. The only sign of hope? A mysterious little girl, that some believe was revealed by none other than the archangel Michael, who not only saved Dakota's life but has been seen by multiple eyewitnesses just before evil forces potentially as older than mankind itself are on the attack. Will Dakota be able to understand the truth about what is truly going on?

"Some have tried to say that I am delusional. Honestly, in some ways, I cannot blame them for such assumptions. If I hadn't experienced these things for myself, I wouldn't believe it either. But guess what? It's real. I'm real. Believe my tales or not, at least I know I have gone through this life having truly lived..." *- Dakota Frandsen*



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